

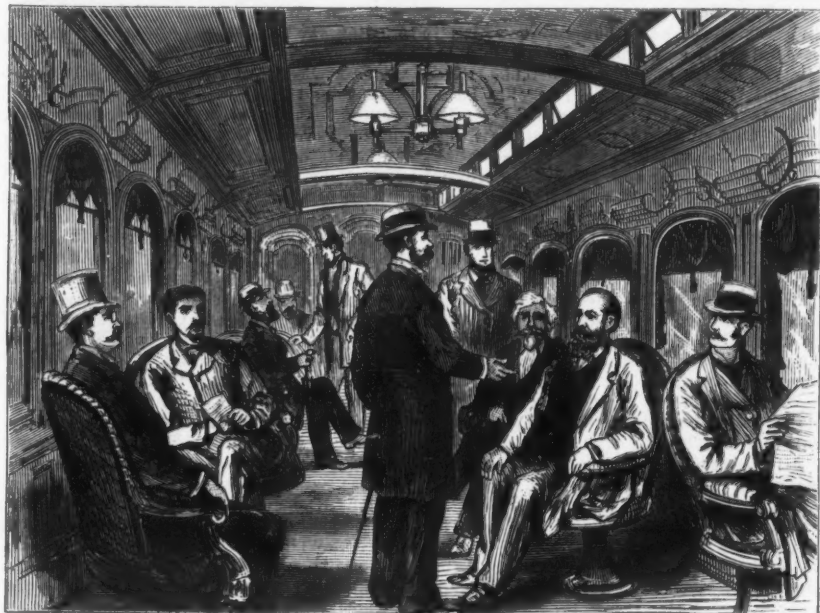
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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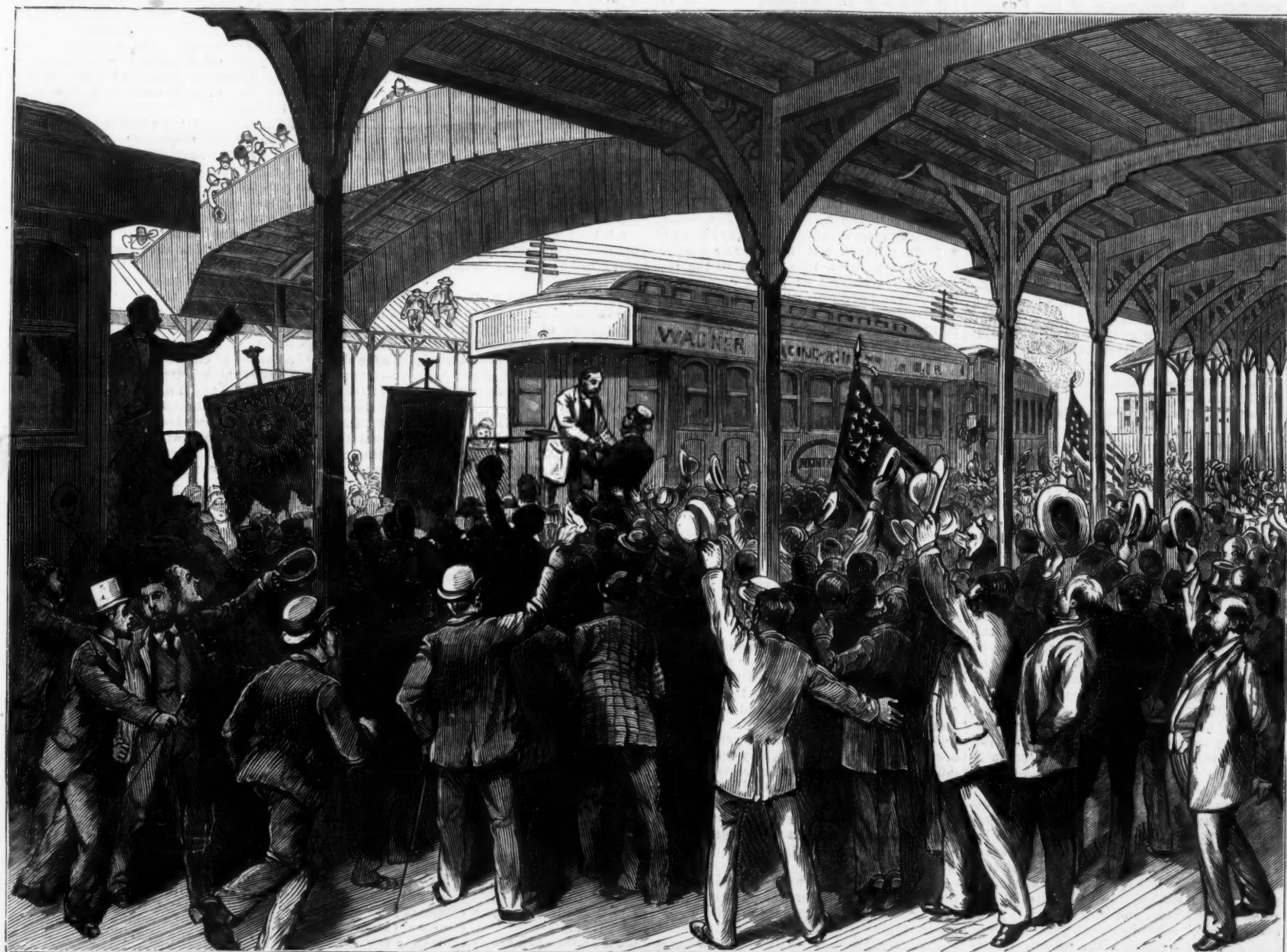
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GENERAL GARFIELD AND FRIENDS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM CAR.



GENERAL GARFIELD ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF POUGHKEEPSIE.



THE MEETING OF GENERALS GARFIELD AND ARTHUR AT ALBANY.

VISIT OF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT TO NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE.
FROM SKETCHES BY W. PARKER BODFISH.—SEE PAGE 415.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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New York, January 17th, 1880.

Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

L. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S LETTER.

THE letter of General Hancock, accepting the Democratic nomination to the Presidency, is a neat and terse document, which reads so well, as far as it goes, that one can scarcely fail to wish that it had gone a little further. He places at the forefront of his paper the emphatic declaration that "the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable." He next proceeds to remark on the supremacy of the Constitution within the sphere of its rightful jurisdiction, and repeats the language of the Constitution to the effect that powers not delegated to the United States belong to the States respectively or to the people. The views of the General under this head are so just and true that they may be regarded as truisms.

From these observations on the structure of our Government, he proceeds to enforce the necessity of its faithful and efficient administration. The noblest constitution and the wisest laws, he holds, are useless when fraud, violence or incompetence hold sway. "It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our Government." And it is in the high standard of qualifications that should be fixed by the people in their choice of legislative and executive officers that the writer finds the best security for attaining a substantial and practical civil service reform in the subordinate departments of the Government. Here, too, the principles enunciated by General Hancock are suited to command universal approval. It is only in point of their precise application and of the practical methods by which his high aims and patriotic inspirations are to be reached that he leaves us without any information.

On the sectional issue, however, his voice has the clear ring of a clarion. The war for the Union having been successfully closed more than fifteen years ago, he holds that the time has fully come when "all classes of the people should share alike in the blessings of the Union." "The time has come," he adds, "to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation." And in the restoration of civil harmony and in a generous rivalry among our own industries, he finds the preface of an impulse which shall "revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources, and increase the prosperity and happiness of the people."

In the emphasis given to this part of his letter, and in the prominence given to the "war amendments" of the Constitution, we may, perhaps, find an explanation of General Hancock's reasons for omitting all reference to the "currency issue" and the "tariff issue," except as such latent reference may be vaguely implied in the general assent he formally gives to the principles enunciated by the Cincinnati Convention. We had hoped that, profiting by the failure of his Presidential competitor under each of these heads, he would breathe into both of these issues the breath of a new life; but instead of doing so, he leaves the tender foundlings where they were exposed on the Cincinnati Platform, liable to be claimed by hard-money nurses in New York and by soft-money nurses in Ohio; by high-tariff nurses in Pennsylvania, and revenue tariff nurses in South Carolina. This may be good military strategy, for the purpose of turning a position which it is dangerous to attack, but is it statesmanship in affairs of high civil administration?

It certainly is not statesmanship, if we have to-day reached that era of good feeling in which the passions engendered by the war are to be postponed to the discussion of business interests and administrative concerns. But if General Hancock is right in the assumption which lies at the basis of his letter, and which gives it form and color—if sentiments of animosity are still cherished against the whites of the South by the leaders of the Republican Party; if all classes of our people are not allowed to share alike in the blessings of the Union; if the time has come to enjoy the benefits of reconciliation, but those

benefits are still withheld by reason of the hatreds and prejudices engendered in the late civil war—then it may be the part of statesmanship to postpone economical questions to the attainment of a solid and permanent pacification between the lately belligerent sections of the country.

In support of this sentiment, General Hancock may plead the opinion and conduct of President Hayes, who has stated, in a recent speech delivered at the last Yale College Commencement, that on succeeding to the Presidency in 1877 it then seemed to him that "the pacification of the country was the first duty," and that, desiring to give an earnest of this pacification "by some distinct, unmistakable and palpable fact," beyond and above "party platforms and letters of acceptance framed in high-sounding words and sentences," he determined to call into his Cabinet "some man of the South who had been against him in the long and bitter struggle of the war," and it was in pursuance of this purpose that General Key was made Postmaster-General. The step was taken, he adds, not at the suggestion of any great political leader in the Republican Party, but on the advice of a calm and contemplative patriot like ex-President Woolsey; and, while admitting that all had not followed and resulted as he could have wished, Mr. Hayes makes it clear that his judgment still approves the high and paramount aim he had then proposed to himself as the first necessity of a wise and comprehensive statesmanship.

But are we as far from the pacification of the country in the year 1880 as we were in the year 1876? The last Presidential campaign, we know, was mainly fought by the Republicans on the sectional line, and, conceiving that waver of battle as still offered by them on that line, General Hancock has determined to force the fighting at that point, where he knows himself to be strongest and believes the enemy to be weakest. It will be a great strategic blunder, in our opinion, as well as a great political anachronism, if the Republicans shall accept the order of battle prepared for them by some of their leaders in the present canvass. They are indebted to-day to the pacific policy of President Hayes for their best hopes of success in the pending Presidential struggle, and the sooner they accept the fruits of that policy and make it their own, the better it will be for their credit with the people. Indeed, until this is done, "the key of the situation," to use the language of President Hayes in his Yale College speech, is left in the hands of their adversary. If what is known in vulgar parlance as "the bloody shirt" is to be again the battle-flag of the Republican army—if frenzied appeals against the "Rebel South," if the historical atrocities of the Ku-Klux, if the political vendettas of Mississippi, if panic cries about "Southern Claims," the "assumption of the Southern State debts," and the "payment for emancipated slaves," are to be again the stock in trade of the Republican managers—then, as we believe, they will play directly into the hands of the Democrats. But if, turning their backs on the smoke of a powder which has been thrice burned, they shall address themselves to the real and vital problems of public economy, of business and of administrative reform, they are likely to take their adversary at the points where he is weakest, and where, without being very strong themselves, they have at least the advantages of the position. It remains to be seen "what they will do with it."

GRAIN HARVESTS AND THE RAILROADS.

JUST now we are in the midst of unprecedentedly large harvests. The yield of wheat this year is expected to reach from 475,000,000 bushels to 490,000,000 bushels. Last year the crop of 449,000,000 bushels was the largest ever before known, and even the year before it was 420,000,000 bushels. The value of the crop of 1878 was officially estimated at \$326,300,000; and the last yield easily exceeded \$400,000,000. The corn crop has also steadily increased, and even the before-unprecedented yield of 1,600,000,000 bushels last year promises to be exceeded this year. The value of the crop of 1878—1,400,000,000 bushels—was estimated at \$441,000,000, and at this rate last year's crop was worth considerably over \$500,000,000. These two cereals alone are worth more to the country than all the gold and silver mines we have ever had, or probably ever will have; and yet, besides these we now raise large crops of oats, rye and barley. The income from one grain crop would make short work with the national debt as well as the debt of the different States and cities.

It is of interest to note the effect of the increased yield of cereals on those great grain-carriers known as the "Granger" roads. These are roads in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and other Western States, which, through the influence and power of the Granger societies, are now subject to a greater or less extent, to the control of those States. There are a number of these roads—such as the Chicago and

Northwestern; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Illinois Central—which depend for their freight earnings almost entirely on grain. The price of "Northwest" stock, as the Chicago and Northwestern is called on the Stock Exchange, is always very susceptible to the reports about the grain crop, because grain comprises the bulk of its freight. Of course, the legitimate effect of good or bad crop advices is greatly exaggerated by the manipulations of the contending "bulls" and "bears"; yet the steadily increasing harvests of the last few seasons, and the payment of dividends by roads that had not done so before for a number of years, have been reflected with substantial truthfulness in the rise of the "Granger" stocks. One of the largest grain roads is the Chicago and Northwestern. At this time in 1877 its common stock sold at 22 3-8 and the preferred at 51 5-8, whereas at this writing the common is at 98 and the preferred at 115 1-2. This great railroad is one of the most important institutions of the Northwest. It is 2,100 miles long, counting the roads it leases, owns 2,225,000 acres of valuable land, which is being steadily sold and improved, and has in a single year earned over \$10,000,000 on freights, mostly wheat. The "St. Paul" is another great "wheat" road, 1,500 miles long. In a single year its freight earnings, mainly from wheat, have reached about \$5,750,000. Hogs and grain have brought the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road no less than \$11,000,000 in one year, and the earnings of the Rock Island, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, and their lateral roads, depend largely on the same fruitful source. The anecdote is recalled of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who, when he was upbraided by an acquaintance for maintaining such outrageously high passenger rates on the New York Central Road, replied to what was then a very just complaint, "Oh, I would rather carry pigs than men any day!"

All these roads are trunk lines to Chicago, the great distributing mart of the West, and thence the grain is forwarded to the seaboard by railroad, or else by way of the lakes and Erie Canal. The New York Central and the Erie roads bring about all that comes overland to New York, but an enormous quantity also comes through the Erie Canal.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad carries a large quantity of grain, especially corn, to Baltimore, and has hurt the trade of New York not a little through cheaper freight rates. The New York railroads charge thirty cents per hundred pounds for grain from Chicago to New York, whereas it can be sent to Baltimore for three cents a hundred pounds less, which is here a very important item. Why our railroads do not give New York the benefit of lower rates of freight is a conundrum; and there are able statisticians who maintain that if New York does not look more sharply after her interests, she will lose the bulk of her grain trade. Baltimore is contending valiantly for this great traffic, and there are projects to send the grain wanted for European markets down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

Our Erie Canal must not be left out of the calculations of those who would deprive New York of her grain trade, however; and if worse comes to worse, by making that free, we would neutralize in a large degree the effect of other adverse circumstances. Even now grain can be sent from Chicago to New York by way of the lakes and the canal for 12 cents per bushel; and, moreover, rates for ocean freight-room are apt to be cheaper here than at Baltimore, our main rival, and this tends to equalize the effect of more favorable railroad rates which that city enjoys.

Our exports of the coming harvest promise to be unusually large this year. In 1879 we exported 124,000,000 bushels, against only 73,000,000 bushels in 1878. Forty years ago we imported wheat from the Black Sea, while now we are gradually supplanting Russia, our only European rival, in the markets of both the United Kingdom and the Continent. We sent 86,000,000 bushels of corn abroad last year, and will send more this year. We have in this country 32,000,000 acres devoted to wheat, and 51,000,000 acres to corn, besides an acreage given up to other cereals, which makes, in round numbers, a total of 1,900,000,000 acres actually in use here for the culture of grain. And when we consider that this shows a marked increase within the last ten years, the predictions that this country will be the future granary of the world will appear by no means unreasonable.

THE VAGARIES OF LAW.

OUR English, or, as a contemporary calls them, our "Old Country Cousins," must smile when they read that, a few days since, in that very State which throw all the tea overboard, a statute made in the days of Charles the First, who was beheaded in 1649, had power to override a Boston jury in a suit at law. It appears

that a gentleman attended a funeral from Boston to Mount Auburn on a Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by a lady, but instead of returning to Boston by the same road, he, unfortunately, was gallant enough to drive around by the way of Charlestown to enable his fair companion to call on a friend in that city. Going through Somerville, their wagon was overturned, owing to the defective condition of the road, and the leg of the gentleman was broken. He consequently sued the town for damages, and received a verdict in his favor. This verdict the Supreme Court of Massachusetts now sets aside, maintaining that the plaintiff was traveling in violation of an old colonial statute, passed in the reign of Charles the First, which declares "that whosoever travels on the Lord's Day, except from necessity or charity, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten pounds for every offense." They do not hold him guilty of breaking the law by going to the funeral by the direct road, and he would have been legally justified in returning by the same route; but going a mile out of his way for the wicked purpose of calling on a friend placed him, in the eye of the Puritanical law, as committing an offense which deprived him of his rights as a citizen. A Boston paper sarcastically adds, "that had the learned Judges of the Supreme Court been less merciful, they might have turned the tables upon him, and mulcted him in the heaviest fine prescribed by the statute."

Almost a parallel case happened in New Jersey not long ago. A man hired a carriage of a livery-stable keeper, and through his reckless driving broke the vehicle and injured the horse. When the livery-stable keeper brought an action for damages, he was ruled out of court on the strength of some antiquated statute, which declared that the transaction was "illegal, being on the Lord's Day," and that he was consequently not entitled to compensation.

This anomaly in law seems to exist to a wide extent in our neighbor State across the Hudson. Now and then some statute starts up to the confusion of the most experienced counsel, and sometimes to the astonishment of the most learned judges. General Wright, who was for many years the Prosecuting Attorney for Hudson County, in that State, affirmed on the authority of an eminent lawyer, whose favorite pursuit was the "excavation" of these obsolete laws and enactments, that they were so many, far-reaching and minute, that in a country walk he could render himself liable to a goodly list of pains and penalties. He could not look over a fence, cut a stick, or throw a stone, without breaking some law still in existence, but only known to a few antiquarian lawyers.

In England, not ten years ago, a man was tried for some misdemeanor and found guilty. As it was the first conviction under the Act, when the judge turned to see what the penalty was, he found it to be a public whipping—one-half to the Queen and one-half to the informer. It appears that, as drafted originally, it provided a fine of ten pounds—one-half to the Queen and one-half to the informer. When the punishment was altered from a fine to a flogging, it was forgotten to alter the distribution of the penalty. As a man cannot be tried twice for the same offense, the criminal escaped scot-free.

Instances of careless legislation on obsolete laws are much more common in the United States and England than in France or Germany, although from the character of the nations we should think the reverse. The sooner the States of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Maryland revise their code the better for common sense and justice.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE illness of Mr. Gladstone, which last week occupied public attention, was undoubtedly brought on by the worry and chagrin caused by the numerous defeats of his Ministry since the return of the Liberals to power. Mr. Gladstone is no longer a young man, and it is evident from his conduct during the present session, that he no longer possesses the even temper which is so necessary to a skillful debater in the House of Commons. Every new member who attacked some Government measure was almost certain to rouse the Premier into action, and, instead of allowing his subordinates to respond to the questions referring to their particular departments, he foolishly undertook to answer everything himself. This constant excitement and the annoyance which the defeat of his Irish policy has caused him, have been quite sufficient to plunge the Premier into his present feverish condition. At last accounts he was steadily improving. The rejection of the Irish Disturbance Bill in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority is a sad blow to the Liberals, or, rather, to the radical wing of that party. The vote against the Government was 282, while only 51 members were found to support the measure. Of course, this enormous majority removes any possibility of passing a similar one, for the favorite plan of creating new peers in order to gain a Governmental majority would necessitate in the present case the creation of 231 new peerages! Meanwhile, troops have been sent to Ireland in order to anticipate any disturbances which

may occur, but it is most unlikely that there will be any trouble, for the agitators who generally cause the rows in Ireland are opposed to the Government upon this measure.

Further particulars of the battle of Kushk-i-Nakud, as the engagement in which Ayob Khan defeated the English forces is now called, have been received. It appears that the first news but slightly exaggerated the gravity of the defeat, and that British prestige has received a severe blow. The total Afghan force seems to have been about 12,000. From nine until one o'clock the fight was mainly an artillery duel, in which the excellent practice made by the Afghans and the greater number of their guns gave them a decided advantage over the British. The Afghan infantry then advanced, and the Ghazis, or irregular cavalry, skirmished along the British line. The native troops under the English command at once gave way and fell back upon the Sixty-sixth English regiment, the Afghans following up their advantage. The formation of the British was thus lost, and, although General Burrows did all he could to rally his men, the flight became general. In fact, it seems to have been a perfect rout, for the whole body of fugitives could not be turned from the main road, along which there is no water and where most of the casualties occurred from the men falling from thirst and exhaustion. The enemy pursued the English almost up to the gates of Candahar, but apparently in a rather unenergetic manner, for had they done otherwise there would have been but few left to tell the tale. General Burrows seems to have been to blame in abandoning his defensive position, and in supposing that the native infantry under his command was any match for the hardy Afghan mountaineers. These native foot-soldiers seem to have caused the whole catastrophe, and their disorganized retreat upon the Sixty-sixth—a veteran line regiment—caused the destruction of that corps. Reinforcements are now going forward to India from England.

The result of the elections for the Council-General in France is most satisfactory. The French people have acted with remarkable restraint and excellent common sense. They have not allowed themselves to be carried away by the red Radicals on the one side or by the reactionary Monarchists or Bonapartists upon the other. Before the Departmental elections, the Republicans had a majority in fifty-five councils. They have now the control of at least seventy councils, most of the gain being in favor of Gambetta. When Rochefort returned from Geneva, after the passing of the Amnesty Bill, he immediately attacked Gambetta—the very man who had done more than any one else for the exiled Communists—in the most unmeasured terms. There was a general fear among the moderate Republicans that the people might return the radical candidates, and thus shake the conservative tendency of the present French Ministry, which has fully shown that it holds the broadest liberal principles consistent with true liberty. Five members of the Cabinet, who were candidates, were re-elected, and the Republic has indirectly gained stability. The departmental councils and the municipal delegates elect the Senators according to the present system, and although the former bodies have comparatively little influence in the election, yet their composition is most important, and the present election must be considered as a victory for Gambetta and a defeat for Clemenceau, Blanqui, Rochefort and the red Radicals. Another result of the elections has been a complete indorsement of the policy of the Government in the Jesuit affair, and the attempt to attack the Cabinet for their anti-clerical measures has been a dismal failure.

There is a lull in the storm brooding over Turkey. The great Powers proposed a naval demonstration in Turkish waters unless the Porte at once acceded to the terms imposed by the Supplementary Conference at Berlin. Meanwhile an ultimatum has been handed to the Porte which allows the Sultan either to accept Count Corti's compromise or else to cede Dulcigno to Montenegro. There is a report, as yet unsubstantiated, that the Porte will accept the ultimatum even before the three weeks which are allowed have expired, and that no interference will be necessary. But France, Austria and Germany are lukewarm, and it is quite possible that the two latter Powers may support the Albanians against the Montenegrins. Greece had resolved to mobilize her army, but at the instigation of England postponed any action. According, however, to the last news, England has withdrawn her objection, and the little army of Greece will immediately be placed upon a war footing.

ROCHEFORT designates the French Assemblies as "parliamentary seraglios," and adds: "The Senate is a hospital for the incurables of reaction, and the Chamber of Deputies a *maison de santé* which most persons leave far worse than when they enter it." Possibly there is as much truth as poetry in this last statement.

It is stated that the Pension Office has now about twelve years' work on hand, and unless the bureau shall be reorganized so as to dispose more rapidly of the accumulated applications, it will be impossible to afford relief for a long time to come to the thousands of needy pensioners who are waiting for their money. Applications are still coming in in considerable numbers.

That is a good example which the Democrats of an Iowa judicial district have set the politicians of Congress. They have formally notified the Republicans that they will make no nomination for a certain judicial office to be filled this year, but will support the present incumbent, who is a Republican, because they desire to keep the judgeship out of politics.

The judiciary should everywhere be kept free from partisan entanglements, and it is a question whether judicial offices should not in all cases be appointive instead of elective.

THE semi-annual reports of seven local institutions indicate an increase in deposits in all the savings banks of the city, during the last six months, of about \$9,000,000. It is estimated that the increase of deposits in the State during the same period will approximate \$17,000,000. These figures are eminently gratifying, as showing the greatly improved condition of the industrial classes.

EDISON's electric light has been tested on a trip of the new steamer *Columbia* from New York to Portland, Oregon, and is reported to have worked, in all kinds of weather, to the entire satisfaction of the officers of the vessel. The simple opening of a steam valve was sufficient to light the ship, and the ordinary skill of the engine-room was sufficient to keep the lights in order. The result is of interest as pointing the way to the illumination, by the new light, of all sea-going vessels, and the diminution thereby of the chances of collisions in dark and foggy weather.

THE State Department has now before it all the papers in reference to the recent Spanish insults to our flag, and it is probable that an early demand for reparation will be made. The Spaniards claim that they have in each case acted within their two-leagues' jurisdiction; but the affidavit of the captain of the schooner *George Washington*, recently overhauled by a Spanish cruiser, states that he was more than fifteen miles distant from the shore at the time of the insult. With a view of preventing further outrages to American vessels on the Cuban coast, the *Pouehatan* has been ordered into Cuban waters to perform patrol duty there.

THE disaster to the British arms in Afghanistan has been turned to a curious account in Constantinople. By way of diminishing the prestige of the British, printed accounts of the disaster, charging the troops with cowardice and their leaders with incapacity, are being distributed in Turkish military circles. The Turks are greatly incensed at the action of the British Government in insisting upon their performance of treaty obligations, but if matters should come to an issue requiring them to face British soldiers or sailors, they would very soon abandon their contemptuous notions of Anglo-Saxon prowess.

THE Utes have at length been constrained, by menace and intimidation, to sign the treaty ratified at the last session of Congress, under which they are to be removed from their reservation to agricultural lands in Colorado and Utah. They have objected to the removal because they are essentially a mountain tribe and abhor agricultural pursuits, and for the further reason, as they allege, that the lands to which they are to be sent are worthless. But greedy speculators covet the rich lands the tribe now occupies, and so the Government compels compliance with its demands. It may yet find it necessary to send troops to kill off a portion of the Utes who still hold out, in order to make way for the prospectors whose lustful eyes are fixed on the White River country.

STATISTICS gathered by the *Railway Age* as to the mileage of new railways now under construction or projected in the United States, exhibit very clearly the rapid progress of the country in material development. During the last six months railway enterprises to the number of 287, and covering a contemplated mileage of over 20,000 miles, have been announced as either in process of construction or projected, and the list does not include a number of lines concerning which the precise facts are not known. With a few exceptions all the new enterprises are entirely legitimate and probable of completion. Indeed, it is a characteristic feature of railway projects at present that they are, as a rule, intended to develop new regions in urgent need of transportation facilities, and moreover, that a large number of the new lines are being built by strong companies as feeders to their existing systems. The mileage of new roads is greater in Ohio than in any other State.

THE visit of General Garfield to this city last week for the purpose of attending a conference of the Republican leaders is significant only as indicating the purpose of that party to make the strongest possible fight for the maintenance of its supremacy. Generals do not come together on the eve of battle for mere holiday purposes, and political strategists, convening for consultation at the beginning of a great national campaign, may be presumed to "mean business" in the fullest and broadest sense. The Republican managers have so long enjoyed the sweets of power that they will not surrender them without a desperate struggle; and if the Democrats would win in the coming contest they must understand that it will be necessary to get down to hard, real work without the least delay. To rely upon the distinguished record of their candidate alone will not insure them success; that is simply one of many factors, all of which must be utilized to baffle and defeat the well-disciplined legions of the adversary.

AN official communication from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue states that during the past fiscal year \$123,981,916 of internal revenue taxes have been collected, and the entire sum has been paid into the Treasury. During the past four fiscal years the total amount of taxes received by Collectors of

Internal Revenue was \$467,080,885, and this sum, without a dollar's loss, has been paid into the Treasury. The total expense of collecting this amount of revenue during the four years, including the salaries and expenses of the bureau, will be about \$19,920,000, or but little more than 8½ per cent. upon the amount collected. In the disbursement of said sum of money the Government has incurred no loss. During the period named, 3,874 illicit stills have been seized, 7,708 persons arrested for illicit distilling, and 25 officers and employés have been killed and 55 wounded while enforcing the laws. The Commissioner states that the frauds upon the revenue have been greatly reduced, and that violent resistance to law has practically ceased in all of the districts except the Second District of Georgia.

ACCORDING to testimony given before a United States Senate Committee, recently in session here, 155,936 persons were naturalized in this city from 1856 to 1876, both inclusive. The highest number of citizens made in any one year was 15,486. In 1876, a Presidential year, the number was 10,832. In the Supreme Court, in 1868, the fraudulent naturalizations amounted to thousands. Judge Barnard alone granting 18,824 in October of that year, while Judge McCunn, in the Superior Court, issued during the same month 18,053 certificates of citizenship. Judge McCunn testified, in a certain instance, that he had naturalized 200 persons in an hour, and Judge Barnard, as appears by the files of his court, naturalized 2,543 in about five hours on October 12th, 1868. The naturalizations in 1868 appear to have been mainly of alien minors, that form of admission being chosen because it saved the necessity of producing any proof of declaration of intentions having been previously made by the applicants, which proof could not, of course, under the circumstances, have been produced. In many cases certificates of naturalization were sent to persons through the mails without any application ever having been made for them. Shall we never be able to put an end to such atrocities as these, perpetrated by one party or another, upon the sanctity and value of the suffrage?

THE apparently complete fusion of the Democrats and Greenbackers in Maine insures a campaign of unusual interest and vigor in that State. If the fusion can be maintained, it may give the Republicans a good deal of trouble, and there are some who believe that it may actually capture the electoral ticket from the party so long dominant in the State. The fusion candidate for Governor is a former Republican, widely and favorably known, and possesses rare qualities as an organizer which he is already actively applying to the work of the canvass. The Republican campaign is managed, as usual, by Senator Blaine, and it will be even more thorough, it is said, than it was one year ago. The opposition, however, has one obvious element of weakness. The Democrats, who have only three of the seven electors, are already beginning to doubt whether the Greenbackers will keep faith with them in supporting the Democratic electoral ticket in November, after they have succeeded in the September contest. They understand full well that the Greenbackers are only interested in capturing the State, and have little interest in the electoral ticket, and unless they can have some more satisfactory assurances than they now possess, possibly the existing distrust may flower into open revolt among the better portion of the Democratic voters. The combination, to say the least of it, is not an honorable one, but then, unfortunately, political parties are not governed by considerations of principle, and the degeneracy is no greater in Maine, perhaps, than elsewhere.

THE Labor Party is again taking a hand in politics. The other day a National Labor Convention nominated candidates for President and Vice-President; and in some Pennsylvania districts we notice that they have brought out nominees for Congress on distinct labor platforms. We do not know that there can be any objection to workingmen organizing for political action if they choose to do so, but it is quite certain that their real interests cannot be best promoted by a policy which separates them from the general community on a specific class basis. The experiment has been tried, and has always resulted in failure. In Michigan, in Kentucky, and other States in which the Labor Party was at one time formidable, every seeming victory has resulted in positive damage to that particular interest. The great trouble with the labor question as it affects the ballot is that the platform on which it is placed is indefinite, and the men who seek to thrive by its agitation are altogether untrustworthy. With all that is said and done in labor meetings and by labor advocates, the unprejudiced reader finds it difficult to discover just what the workingman desires to abolish and what he proposes to construct by way of reform in politics and legislation. The simple truth is, that if there is to be any practical and successful union of labor and the ballot, the workingmen must begin by banishing the ambitious politicians who aspire to leadership, and by learning the principles of public economy—the laws which govern trade in other nations as well as our own. No President or Governor, no Congress or Legislature, can overturn the law of supply and demand, except by such arbitrary measures as would be promptly rejected by those they were designed to benefit. Better times are coming, but not through the agency of politics. If the ballot be kept pure, and official integrity untainted, the quiet march of commerce, stimulated by a sound financial policy and expanding agriculture, will spread contentment and prosperity through the land as no quack specifics of labor reformers can ever possibly do.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

TURNING BEAR, one of Spotted Tail's chiefs, is reported on the warpath.

THE statue of the poet Burns in Central Park will be unveiled in September.

THE valuation by the Boston assessors shows an increase of \$25,766,500 over last year.

THE National Sunday-school Assembly began its sessions at Chautauque, August 4th.

OVER \$70,000,000 has been disbursed in the Navy Department since 1875 without a dollar's loss.

FURTHER arrests have been made in Philadelphia of persons engaged in selling spurious medical diplomas.

PRESIDENT HAYES, General Garfield and others will attend the National Soldiers' Reunion at Columbus, on August 10th.

THE Republicans of Michigan have nominated David H. Jerome for Governor, and Moreau S. Crosby for Lieutenant-Governor.

COLONEL J. B. CHANDERS, the candidate of the Greenback Party for Vice-President, announces that he intends remaining on the ticket.

JOHN BENDER, the Kansas butcher, who is charged with over a score of atrocious murders, has been arrested, with his wife, in Nebraska.

At the election of the State and county officers in Alabama, August 24, the Democrats were successful, securing 60,000 majority for their State ticket.

THE reduction of the public debt during the month of July amounted to \$5,576,053. The total debt, less cash in the Treasury, is now \$1,936,596,241.

THE New York Board of Aldermen has passed an ordinance authorizing the Mayor to provide for the capture and destruction of all cats found at large.

GENERAL WEAVER, the Presidential candidate of the Greenback Party, appeals for contributions of \$1 and upwards to defray expenses of the campaign.

THE 43-ton pedestal of the Egyptian obelisk was taken out of the *Dessoug* last week. Ground was broken at the site of the obelisk in Central Park on August 4th.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has called the attention of Mayor Cooper to the violation of the law prohibiting lotteries, and asks his co-operation in securing their efficient execution.

THE third annual reunion of the soldiers of the Northwest was held last week at Galesburg, Ill. About 3,500 soldiers were present, and celebrated the opening day by a sham battle.

Six hundred clerks are engaged in tabulating the census returns. Each list of returns is counted eight times by as many clerks, in order that the totals may be absolutely accurate.

THE American Dental Association, in session at Boston last week, passed a resolution discountenancing the practice of members allowing their names to appear in advertisements of compounds for filling teeth.

FEARS are entertained in Texas that a body of men known as the Grand Army of Occupation contemplate an invasion of Mexico. It is said that if the Government does not interfere serious trouble will result.

AN International Congress is to be held at Milan, Italy, from the 29th of August to the 4th of September, and the United States, through the State Department, has been invited to send one or more representatives.

REPRESENTATIVES BUTTERWORTH AND YOUNG of the First and Second Ohio Districts have been nominated for re-election by the Republicans. In the Third Ohio District the Democrats have nominated Hon. J. Dearborn Ward.

GENERAL WILLIAM O. BUTLER died at Carrollton, Ky., August 6th, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was an officer in the Regular Army in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of New Orleans. Afterwards he served in Congress for two terms, and was the candidate for Vice President on the ticket with General Lewis Cass in 1848.

Foreign.

RUSSIA is negotiating for a settlement with China.

THE Irish harvest promises well, also that in Southern Russia.

THE British Parliament will be prorogued about the 27th or 28th instant.

FLOODS in Austria have done immense damage to crops and movable property.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON has been appointed Governor of Cape Colony in place of Sir Bartle Frere.

ONE hundred and ten amnestied Communists reached Paris August 3d, but their arrival occasioned no excitement.

GREAT BRITAIN has withdrawn her request that Greece should remain neutral, and the troops there are being mobilized.

THE French Republicans intend to repeal a law of 1850 which measurably protects the Jesuits who desire to open schools.

THE French revenue receipts from taxation during the month of July were nearly 17,000,000 francs more than for July, 1879.

THE British House of Commons has rejected a resolution removing the present restrictions on the sale of American cattle in England.

It is again stated that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts will marry her secretary, Ashmead Bartlett, a native American and a naturalized British subject.

DURING the late disorders at Mazatlan, in Mexico, a battle was fought at Villa Union in which 100 men were killed and the Government troops were victorious.

THE London Times announces that Roumania is about to send Colonel Voinesco to Washington on a mission in connection with the recognition of Roumanian independence.

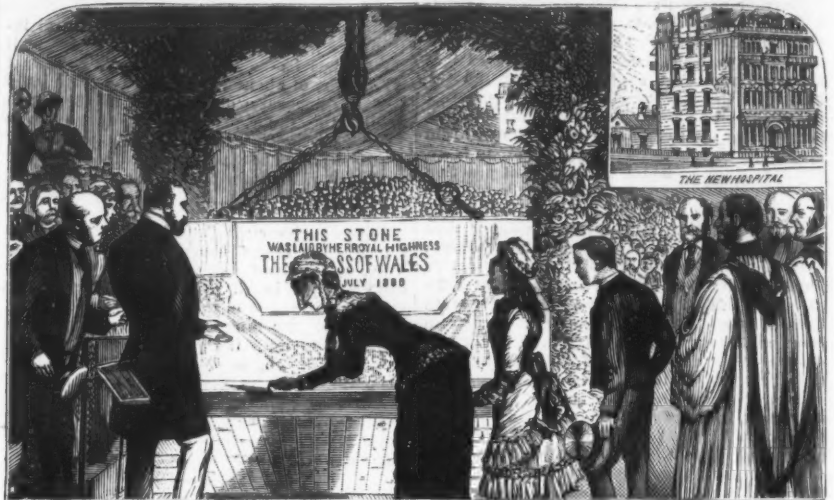
INSURRECTIONS are threatened in Mexico, owing to the election of General Gonzalez as President. The members of the last Mexican Congress who opposed the railroad bills have all failed of re-election.

AYOUB KHAN has retreated from the scene of his victory over General Burrows' troops in Southwestern Afghanistan. Both from England and India reinforcements are being energetically dispatched, and, besides, six battalions of infantry and three batteries of artillery will soon be passing through the Suez Canal. Without counting the recent additions, the total number of troops occupied by the Afghan war is 60,000, of whom 40,000 are within the frontier of Afghanistan.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 415.



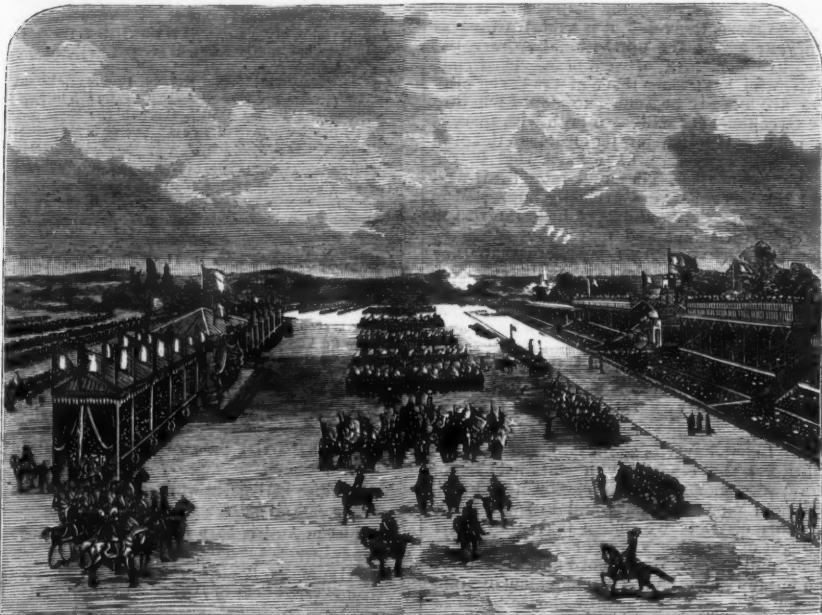
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTING THE QUEEN AT THE GRAND REVIEW.



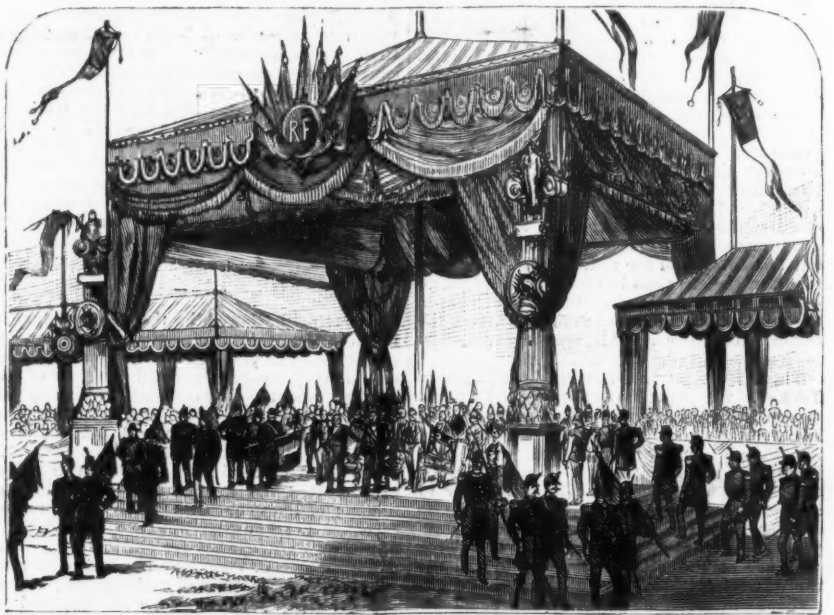
ENGLAND.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.



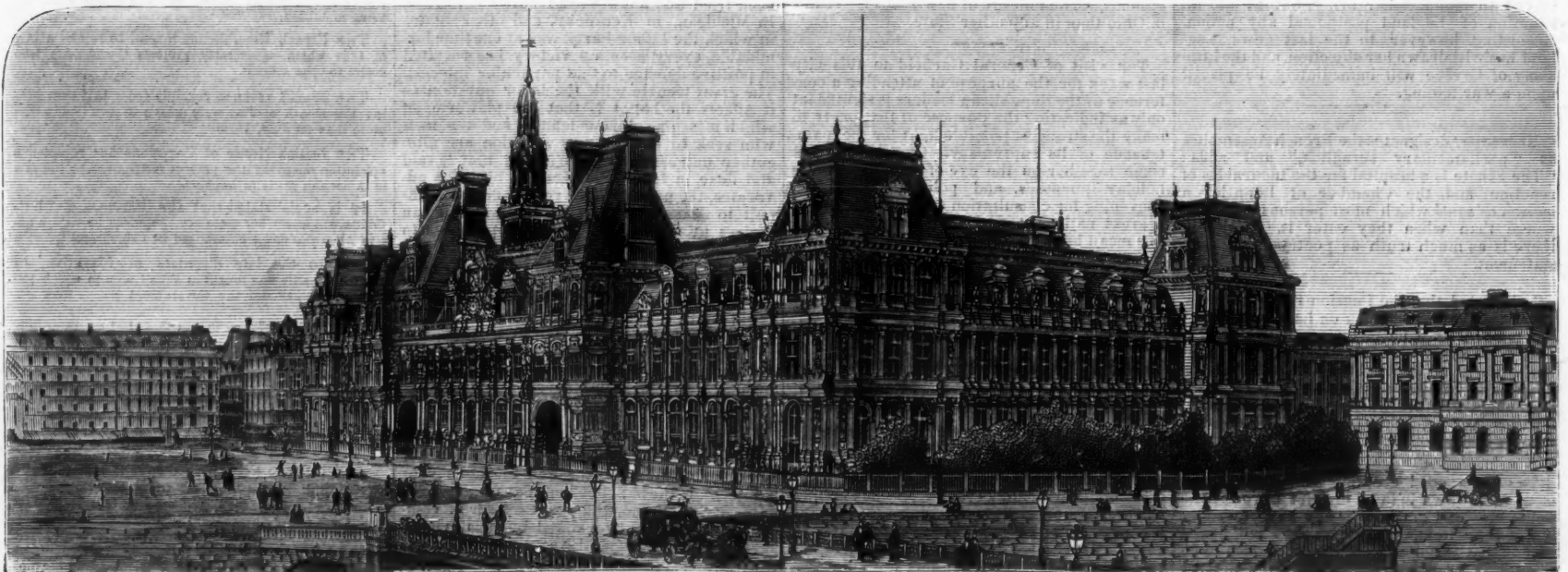
ITALY.—THE KING PARTICIPATING IN THE SHARPSHOOTING FESTIVAL, ROME.



FRANCE.—PRESENTATION OF THE NEW COLORS TO THE ARMY, JULY 14TH.



FRANCE.—THE COLOR-BEARERS PASSING THE PAVILION AFTER THE PRESENTATION.



FRANCE.—THE WEST AND SOUTH FRONTS OF THE NEW CITY HALL, PARIS.

TOURIST LIFE ON NANTUCKET.

IN previous notices of this Summer resort, growing more popular every day, we have contrasted the Nantucket of the old whaling days with the Nantucket on which fashion has set her imprint. While the island is overflowing with attractions, it may be that the contrast of a few years really form the most delightful feature of a sojourn. With a few steps the tourist passes from the Summer hotels to little clusters of ancient-looking, weather-beaten buildings, where the typical fisherman passes to and fro. Though he will tell you sadly that he never expects a return of the grand whaling enterprises of 1844, he still indulges in little fishing speculations. Save a certain sharpness in bargaining with the pleasure-seeker in search of facilities for fishing, he appears to take little interest in the steady development of the new order of things.

At the village of Siasconset—if village it may be called, which consists merely of a dozen or more quaint and ancient cottages, set down haphazard on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging a narrow, sandy beach—the native quickens into considerable excitement when the mail-deliverer makes his periodical appearance. But once satisfied with the market success of his last venture, he relaxes into the apparently listless creature, caring naught for the toyings and glitter and extravagance of fashionable life. A little hotel brings yearly a few visitors to this sleepiest and most ancient hamlet, which lies about seven miles from Nantucket, at the southeast extremity of the island; and very delightful to lovers of antiquity are the queer cottages, with their one or two "low-studded" rooms, their little, grassy dooryards, and the old figureheads—relics of whaling-ships long since gone down—which stand conspicuously before nearly every door. If a stronger contrast of the past and present of Nantucket life is desired, let the visitor betake himself to the old mill, and witness the original method of getting the huge fans into the current of the wind. Everything here looks ancient, even to the horse which slowly drags the long pole until the wind begins to attain a purchase on the fans, and slowly sets the venerable mechanism in motion.

From such spectacles relief may be obtained in the fine bathing-places on the western shore, under what is called the Cliff; or on the south shore, where the dangers of the surf and the tremendous undertow forbid bathing even to the most daring. Then, too, the Squantum should receive attention—that curious picnic on the level prairie-like plain, near the shore, with suitable provisions from the hotels and stores, but also with fish just out of the pond or sea, and with clams dug from the clean, gravelly sand. In the Athenæum, besides a worthy library, will be found a large number of curiosities deposited by the owners or masters of whaling-vessels, and relics associated with the past history of the island.

Whether in exploring the crooked, narrow streets of the town, or in straying over the pathless downs that lie beyond it, the days in Nantucket are only too quickly passed. Relic-hunters are made happy by such a surplus of old china and antique furniture as seldom meets the eye of dwellers on the mainland. Every shop has a corner of its window given up to "willow-pattern," wedgwood, and heaven knows what besides of the perishable, yet so lasting, ware; while almost every private house is open to callers with an eye to trade in brass candlesticks, old clocks, and the like. Unfortunately, the owners of these treasures are only too well "up" in their market value, and the delicious, trembling excitement of bagging a veritable bargain is not to be had. For the last four or five years this brisk yearly trade has been going on, yet the stock of china appears to suffer no diminution, and Summer visitors are still made happy with marvelous teapots, lovely cracked sugar-bowls, and meat-



GETTING THE VANE OF THE OLD MILL INTO THE WIND.

dishes of gigantic size, which, in the strange revolution of things, may come from furnishing a Nantucket dinner-table to adorn the wall of a New York drawing-room.

FARM LABOR AND WAGES.

THE annual report of the Agricultural Department gives the average of wages of farm-laborers, with and without board, as compared with the wages paid in several branches of skilled mechanical labor, and shows that in the Pacific and Mining States and Territories, the range of monthly wages for farm-laborers without board is between \$30.75 in Montana and \$32.50 in Washington Territory. Of the States east of the Mississippi, Minnesota pays her farm-laborers better than any other Northern State, the monthly wages with board being \$16.33, while Vermont pays only \$12.02. In the Southern States the prices paid range from \$12.25 in Louisiana to \$7.32 in South Carolina, the average being \$9.00. The following are the most important portions of the report:

"The decline which had been steadily going on since 1873 till last year seems to have been arrested, and there is a decided advance in almost every section; the average wages of labor, engaged by the year or season, and which represents the steady and trustworthy force on the farms, was for the whole country last year \$20.26 a month, without board. This year it is \$21.75, being an increase of 7.25 per cent. . . . The cost of subsistence to the laborer for the average of the whole country in 1880 is \$7.17 a month, against \$7.14 in 1879.

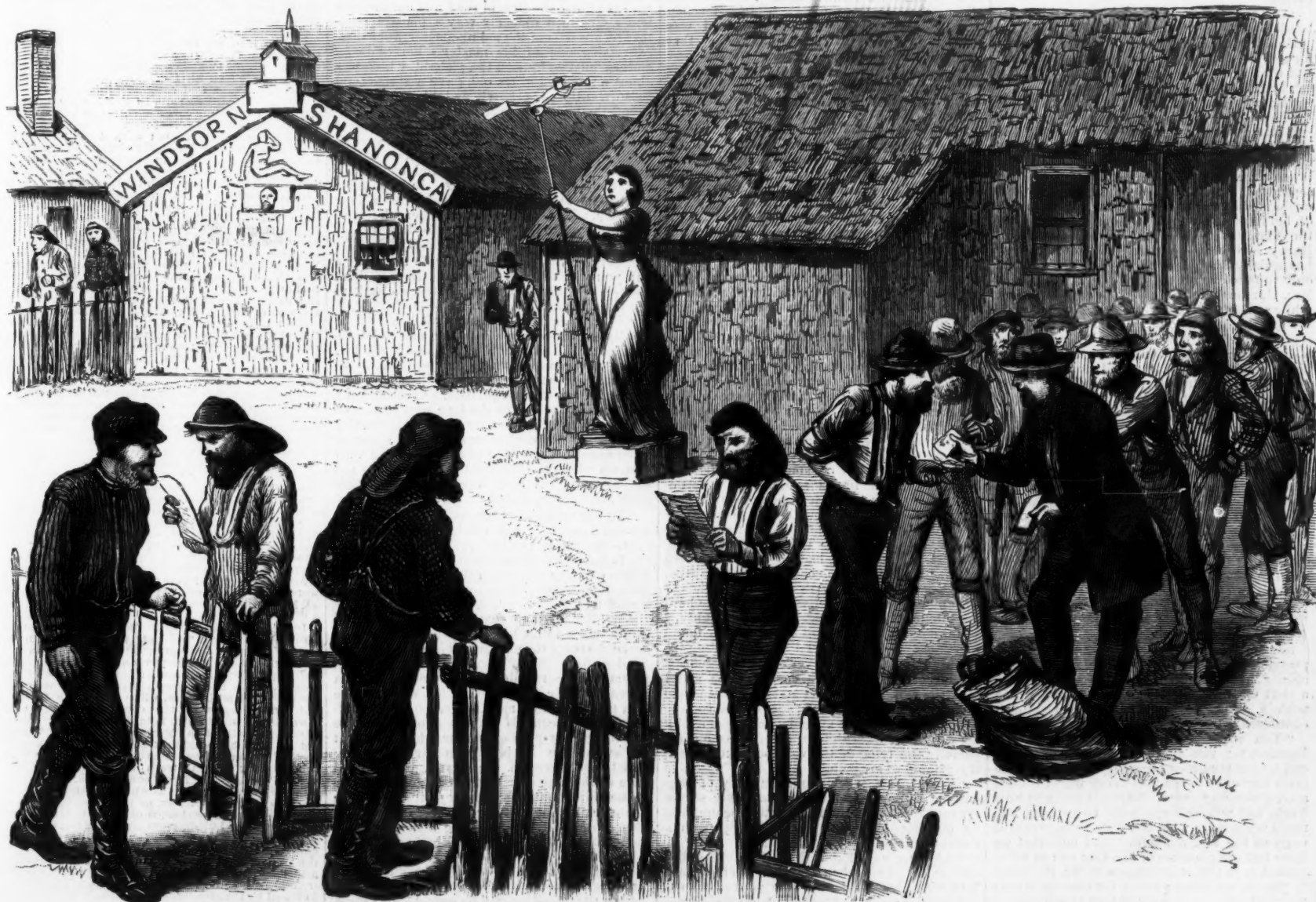
"Heretofore, in the decline of wages, the cost of subsistence declined in quite the same ratio, but for this year the proportion is largely in favor of the laborer, as the cost of subsistence remains nearly at the lowest rate, while the wages have materially advanced. The average price for labor with board is \$14.56.

"An analysis of the figures of wages paid without board shows only three States reporting less than last year, namely, Texas, Minnesota and California; but a glance at the report of the wages paid with board shows a marked increase. It must be borne in mind, however, that in all these States the sparseness of population and absence of the facilities of the older States render it both necessary and convenient to lodge and feed the hired help. The price paid, therefore, with board, is the safest indication of the value of labor. As was to be expected, the greatest increase has been in those States where agriculture has been the most remunerative since last year. Thus in the West and those States bordering on the Ohio River, which were the most favored, the increase has been the largest. The same applies to the Cotton States. With the higher price for cotton the advance has been universal, and is in some as high as 8 or 10 per cent.

"The demand for labor is good in all sections of the country. In the New England and Middle States there is a steady and good demand for trustworthy men, and prices for that class have advanced very materially. The larger number of reports from those sections state that the usual custom is to hire with board and for the season.

"In the South Atlantic and Gulf States there is an active demand for all kinds of steady labor. Many correspondents report that the share system, or a division of the product in lieu of wages, is growing more unpopular daily, and that the freedmen are becoming more and more landholders. In Mississippi and Louisiana there are a few reports of scarcity of labor owing to the exodus to Kansas and the North, but in the same localities there is reported a good demand for trustworthy labor of all kinds.

"In the Northwestern States the supply of labor is quite equal to the demand in that section. Most of the inhabitants are land-



DISTRIBUTING THE MAIL AMONG THE FISHERMEN OF SIASCONSET.

owners, and only hire help at harvest time, but skilled labor is in good demand.

"In the Territories and on the Pacific Slope the demand is reported as good, except in New Mexico and Montana, where a surplus is noticed. In the first-named Territory the surplus is attributed to the opening of the railway from Kansas, and in the latter to the large number of young and unskilled laborers arriving."

HARRY HARTBUSH'S COB.

IT was really too aggravating to be detained three hours at a miserable country town, in a chill December day, because the directors of the Squash and Mudville Railway could not agree with the directors of the Gritington. Therefore, it was arranged that their respective trains, which appeared on the map to run continuously, should always set out two minutes before the passengers from either could cross the bridge which divided the camps of these iron Guelphs and Ghibellines.

In an ill-omened hour I had consented to assist at my niece Jessie's wedding, and found myself detained three hours, with eighty miles to travel after eight o'clock at night by rail, and one hour in any vehicle it might please her bride-electship to send to the station for me.

A frame house, with a stereotyped piazza and a board with the word "hotel" in brazen letters inscribed thereon, large enough for the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor, intimated the propinquity of shelter and the possibility of food, and in a few minutes, from my first introduction to the landlord, a lantern-jawed rogue, who charged me two dollars for a chicken as tough as glue and "fixin's" that would have put a tenth-rate boarding-house to very shame, I was installed in the private room of the hostelry, and enjoying the distant prospect of a meal that was destined to prove but a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

As I flattened my nose against the window-pane and endeavored to exhaust my mind in speculating on the possible breeds of pigs of all sizes and colors that were luxuriantly rooting up a manure heap in the vacant lot fronting the parlor where I was a prisoner, a high-wheeled and mud-stained wagon, drawn by a spanking, smoking team, and occupied by a damp pair of nondescripts, buried under a Mont Blanc of Macintosh capes and Lorne rugs, dashed up to the door.

Tap, tap, tap! at my parlor door, and the landlord entered in a flurry, followed by the landlady, sharp and vinegary.

"Excuse me. Guess yer won't make no objection—only private room. Mr. Hartbush and his lady—a clever gentleman, large landowner, much obligated." Such was the disjointed sentences of the joint-stock message.

I am rather a shy man naturally, but on this day I was only too much pleased to have civilized society on any terms, so I retreated to the adjacent bedroom to give my hair a touch with the comb and returned to find the late occupants of the wagon in possession of my room, the lady settling her hair at the zig-zaggy green glass over the mantelpiece; the man, a tall, stout, broad-backed farmer, bending inquisitively over my satchel, apparently studying the name engraved under the lock, for he was saying:

"It's the same name, anyhow, but it can't be old Fred. It's too ridiculous."

He drew himself up as I entered with some formal apology on his lips, stared, paused, and then we cried out together:

"Fred Dormer!"

"Harry Hartbush!"

"I should never have known you!"

It was not likely we should. We might have passed each other a hundred times, and have never recognized old chums and college fellows in the two men whom fifteen years had separated, though the laughing gray eyes still unclouded by crowsfeet, and the smiling mouth of brilliant teeth were witnesses in favor of the identity of Harry. My last reports of Harry had been anything but satisfactory; but now, without asking any questions, I had only to take one glance at him and another at Mrs. Hartbush to learn that he was thriving, while a stealthy survey of Mrs. Harry during the process of introduction half-explained the secret. She was one of those little compact bodies, with clearly defined features, grave, piercing eyes, broad forehead, and fine chin, relieved in this instance by a good-tempered mouth, who seem born to manage husbands.

The first movement was a key to her character. After a burst of explanations and inquiries, Harry was proceeding to refer in general terms to the inadvisability of electing Grant for the third term, when Mrs. Harry, drawing a memorandum book from her pocket, lady-like in binding but business-like in size, and turning slowly over the leaves, exclaimed:

"Is there anything you could do before dinner, Mr. Hartbush?"—the Mr. in compliment to me—"We have two hours and twenty minutes to wait here."

She looked at her watch, none of your French jimeracks, but a solid time-keeper—a regular pocket chronometer.

Something indefinable in Hartbush's expression seemed to say that he would much sooner have deferred all business in favor of a chat with his old friend, for, turning to me with a very pleasant smile, Mrs. Hartbush continued:

"You will excuse Harry, I am sure, Mr. Dormer, for you are a man of business and can understand how necessary it is on a large farm like ours to see that every wheel is oiled and in working order. Harry is going to New York, and will be away quite two weeks, and there are always odds and ends to be arranged even at the last moment. And now that we have had the pleasure of meeting you so unexpectedly, you must arrange with Mr. Hartbush to pay us an early visit at Swamson, where we shall be very pleased indeed to see you."

Mrs. Harry put her liege lord through his facings, who went through the affair in a man-

ner quite amazing to me, who at first forgot what fifteen years would do. In fact, he appeared to understand his business perfectly. And although Mrs. H. made the notes which were to serve for leases, agreements, and the Lord knows what, and to refresh her husband's memory when he came to fill up his diary, and although he sometimes referred to her for a figure or a fact, such as, "What did we allow old Thrustbeck for the bones?" it was plain that the lady was not anxious to show the doekins which she had undoubtedly appropriated from Hartbush's wardrobe.

When Harry and I had settled down into our places in the cars—two swivel chairs in a drawing-room car—I could not help congratulating my old friend on his improved condition, delicately hinting a desire to be informed as to its immediate cause.

"You shall have the whole story, Dormer, and it's a pretty long one. I may as well go back to the time when we saw so much of each other in the fashionable whirl of New York life after we had quitted Yale. I'll spare you a bit of unpleasant misery about the busting of my father; it busted me. I was ruined. I paid what debts I was pressed to pay. I sold my T cart, my stable flixins', my guns, dressing cases, and accepted an invitation from Stedman Hoylde, went yachting to the Mediterranean, where, although I was Hoylde's guest and he did not wish me to be at any expense, I could not help getting rid of a certain share of what I now know as petty cash, and the result was that after a six months' cruise, I found myself back and stranded in London without a shilling. I could not ask Hoylde for money, not if I had been starving, so there I was, Dormer, in a real tight place, and no mistake."

"What I did, or how I lived for the next two years would be difficult for me to tell. I was reduced to the lowest ebb. I wouldn't come to New York, where I had been a swell, so I hung about London, that *refugium peccatorum*. I dived in a dancing orchestra, disguised in hair and mustache. One day I met Jacob Fisher, my father's old coachman. You recollect him?—a horsey-looking Englishman, with a half-moon collar—to be sure you do. Well, sir, Jacob Fisher had returned to London and set up as a job master. He asked me to his house, and, when I had no home, I became one of his "turn men," and drove night fies for six months. Through poor old Jacob's management I went to Russia, with a string of thoroughbred horses under my charge and two grooms. Thence I traveled through Hungary and Bohemia, and staid there a year with Baron Bondelbein as huntman to a pack of hounds he had brought over."

"I knew little enough about hunting except riding straight; but, as he knew less, with the help of an English feeder, who brought over the dogs, I did pretty well. A scrap of the *Times*, which came with the Cheshire cheese—for my baron was an Anglo-maniac to the extent of cheese and beer, as well as fox-hounds and blood horses—requesting information concerning Harry Hartbush, son of Jones Hartbush, formerly of 598 Broadway, New York, reached me. This was signed by a solicitor's firm in Lincoln's Inn, London. I set off with all speed to England, where, after a terrible dose of the formalities of the law, I was enabled to handle five thousand dollars that had come too late to my poor old dad, and then to me; and to make the acquaintance of an aunt whom I had never seen, or, I may say, heard of—Mrs. Bell, my poor father's sister, who had married an Englishman. He was in the army and was killed in the Crimea before Sebastopol. My aunt resided at Bath. She invited me to visit her, and to Bath I accordingly repaired. She remembered me as a six months' babe, and had, for a wonder, heard a favorable account of me from her maid, a niece of my patron, Jacob Fisher."

"Of course I ought to have been very prudent, and to have hugged my five thousand, but, somehow, as long as I was single, prudence and I never traveled long together on the same road. Bath is a place of considerable fashion, and I resolved to be in the fashion, and my first step was to purchase a stout, workman-like cob. Why I bought that cob I cannot tell. It was on the day before I left London, and I turned into Tattersall's merely to kill time. I staid the sale out because it was raining. The last lot was a cob, handsome enough for the park, and strong enough to carry the late Boss Tweed, but with a sore back. I hate cobs. I think them useless. But an auction has always had on me the same exciting effect that a game of chance has on some of my friends. I am fascinated, like a squirrel by a rattle-snake. My wife never lets me go near a sale since I purchased, without seeing them, three dozen broilers in one lot. Well, there were no bidders for the cob. The dealers were full. The cob-riders, if any, had no taste for a sore back. I have a famous receipt that never fails, taught me by a Texan cowboy. When I heard the animal, that would have fetched five hundred dollars in the Spring, hanging at eighty, I could not resist, but went in, and soon found Aurora Borealis knocked down to me at twenty guineas, a little over a hundred dollars."

"I sent the cob by the road to Bath, and I took the rail. At the first station I was joined by a gentleman of middle age, sallow countenance and a nervous manner, accompanied by his daughter, whose elegance of dress, and especially the tying of the veil, bespoke a country-woman of my own."

"They had a tremendous quantity of baggage, two saddles, and a remarkably stupid servant. I felt as though I had encountered an old friend when my eyes dropped on a Saratoga trunk."

"I have always found the fathers of families rather shy of me when they had their daughters with them, and this case proved no exception. By a happy accident Mr. Bristow—you grin, Dormer, I see you guess the best half of the story—agitated himself continually

about his baggage, condemning the English system and lauding our own up to the skies. At the next station he insisted upon seeing that the baggage was all right. Thank heaven, it was all wrong! The stupid servant had left at least a moiety behind. Trains don't wait for raving passengers, and while Mr. Bristow was consigning his servant to the infernal gods, I telegraphed back to the station-master. By the time we had struck the branch line I had an answer, 'Luggage all right; will be sent by the next train.' This lucky hit on my part thawed the old gentleman a bit, and he condescended to talk enough to let me know that he was Robert Bristow, of the firm of Bristow, Tolt & Fiddlem, of Wall Street, and, having destroyed his digestion and his nerves by over-work, and having tried ever so many springs in the States, was now resolved to see what the English spas could do for him, and was on his way to Bath to drink the water, take a course of cold baths and horseback exercise."

"He winced rather at horseback exercise. 'My daughter, also rather an invalid, and I am traveling under the advice of Doctor Blythehold, of Fifth Avenue, and Sir William Gull.'"

"You may laugh as you please, Dormer, but I fell in love with the daughter at first sight, when I saw her so quietly and gently manage the angry head of the firm of Bristow, Tolt & Fiddlem, and so very calmly and decidedly give the stupid, sleepy servant his discharge. Some men like a wife they can manage. I found one who can manage me, so I fell in love over ears in three hours' traveling with my Louey, for, of course, you have guessed that Mrs. H. is my railway angel."

"Well, although the respectable papa got on famously about horseflesh—he dreaded the ordeal of horseback exercise, not having ridden for fifteen years—he parted from me at the end of our journey with many formal, polite speeches, and a half-apology that the state of his health would prevent his receiving any company, not even that of my Aunt Bell, whom I pressed into the service."

"I entirely won my aunt's heart by confiding to her in a moment of weakness my adventure on the cars, and my love at first sight. She entered warmly into my interests, and, to make a long story short, old man, Louey and I met at balls, parties and picnics. My aunt made old Bristow's acquaintance, and Miss Bristow's, too, and gave me hopes when I was in despair."

"Go in, my dear Harry," she would say, "I am sure she likes you. You have a square chance, because you are such a random goose, and she is so very sensible. Now I have always observed that sensible women prefer a man who is rather a goose."

"Still the broker was obstinate. Louey was his right hand, read all his letters, made minutes of their contents and made his hominy. Then he was continually telling my aunt that if his daughter married at all she would choose a man of business, a person of common sense, etc."

"I'll be drawn and quartered, Dormer, if I can tell you how I became inspired, how I got the notion that proved of such vital importance to me subsequently. But one day, as I was walking down the Bristol road, and old Bristow was riding in a gingerly way a piebald pony that he hired from the riding-master, a servant, exercising one of his master's horses in its clothes, hustled by, and the piebald, which was about a hundred years old, gave a start. Old Bristow uttered a howl, and his arms were round the piebald's neck in no time."

"The very next day, and the subsequent days, I was astride Aurora Borealis, packed tight, and city banked on a soft, stuffed saddle, with a pad before my legs and behind my thighs, with my arm in a sling. In this guise I followed the respectable broker, at a long distance, up the green lanes, where he rode tremblingly under the fierce orders of his tyrant and physician, who had said:

"Mr. Bristow, if you don't ride ten miles a day you won't live five years. If you don't choose to follow my prescription, go back to the United States; don't come to me."

"So he rode daily in fear of his life."

"My groom was a character, and to be depended on. I have him still. You'll see him when you come down to stay with us. One evening as Bristow commenced his usual ride on the riding-master's piebald, Evans, my man, appeared at the end of the lane, at a gallop, on a horse loaned for the occasion, and, watching the invalid broker, stopped short, shouting some indistinct words as if addressed to Dandy Jim, on which the obedient piebald halted and sat down on his hind legs like a dog, while poor Mr. Bristow rolled on the turf."

"To canter up and address Evans in the most violent language, and discharge him on the spot—to pick up the broker, as if he had been my father—was the work of a minute, and this was no sooner done than the piebald gathered himself together, and set off towards town on a mild trot."

"Mr. Bristow had sustained no damage except a crack in his black trousers, which rendered walking three miles neither convenient nor dignified. With many asseverations and assertions I persuaded him to mount Aurora Borealis, while I walked by his side for the first mile. In that ride, where he felt the difference between his smooth, slippery saddle and the closely-packed one for which, without his knowledge, he had been carefully measured, and between the elastic, well-trained pace of the king of cobs and the severe canter of the riding-master's hack or of the ill-broken brute he had bought for himself off a client, his countenance relaxed. He insisted on my mounting the horse that Evans had been riding, while the latter trudged behind, apparently weeping, with the horse's clothes. That day Mr. Bristow asked me to dinner."

"On the following day he rode Aurora Borealis. On the following he offered me a hundred guineas for him, and I refused to sell

him at any price, although willing to lend him. Within three months I was engaged to Louey Bristow with the consent of her father, and, within six months we were married; within the year my father-in-law put me into his place—about five miles from the station we started from, and I can tell you it is a place, with some two thousand acres to farm. My dear Louey has made me what you see—never idle and the happiest of men."

"And the cob?"

"Has a paddock all to himself. You'll see him when you come down to us."

BULL-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK, AND IN MEXICO.

THE long-talked-of bull-fight came off on Saturday afternoon, July 31st, in the new amphitheatre on Seventh Avenue, after an unexpected legal fight for possession of the entrance money at the box-office. At about 5:30 the band struck up a march, and light Spanish toreros, dressed in gaudy costumes, and with their richly-colored capes hanging on their shoulders, advanced into the arena. None of them seemed to be under forty or forty-five years of age. They were led by Señor Angel Valdemoro, the chief, and took off their curiously-shaped black hats when the crowd cheered them. The toreros separated in the centre of the ring, after the manner of opening the "grand cavalcade" of a circus, and selected their cloaks, which had been hanging on the inner barrier. The crowd became uneasy, and awaited anxiously the appearance of some savage animal, which was going to make havoc with the valiant-looking Spaniards.

Mr. Henry Bergh was the virtual manager of the performance. His tall figure was conspicuous during the exhibition at the opening where the animals were turned into the arena. He was surrounded by Spaniards and Cubans, police officials and newspaper reporters. The manager, Mr. Fernandez, opened the gate ten feet distant, and between him and Mr. Bergh stood Mr. Hatfield, Superintendent of the S. P. C. A., who formed a direct communication between Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Bergh. When Mr. Bergh had seen enough of one of the capering animals he raised his forefinger and looked at Mr. Hatfield. Then he would say that that was "enough," or "Take him out," and the animal was removed.

Two fences divided the arena from the spectators, the inner barrier being five feet high, and over this the toreros had frequently to leap as the wild, long-horned Texan steers came charging at them. The third and seventh steers afforded the most sport.

At three minutes to six o'clock the third steer came in. He shot, as if discharged from a cannon, and bounded along the ground, snorting with noises like explosions at every bound. The Spanish door-keeper on the upper tier, where the private boxes were, said loudly, "That's a good bull." The other Spaniards nodded approvingly. The brute stopped in the middle of the ring, flung his head up, belched, snorted and dug trenches in the earth with his hoofs.

Valdemoro, recovering from his astonishment, walked towards the ferocious beast and deftly wiped the animal's forehead with his pink cloak. There was a snort, a cloud of dust, a lunge, a humped mass of steer in the air, and Valdemoro leaped backwards ten feet. Another torero faced the danger. The bull dashed at the newcomer, and the newcomer shot over the fence. In less time than it can be written every torero engaged the steer, and all retreated rapidly. The animal seemed infuriated. He sent up the earth from beneath his hoofs in clouds. He snorted at every bound. Suddenly, finding the road clear, he followed the example of the toreros, and endeavored to leap the fence. He did not clear it, but hung across it like a half-filled bag across a clothes-line. An instant later he fell between the fences on his head. He was driven back into the enclosure; he dived into the group of toreros, and all sprang for the fence. The steer made a better jump, and stood on his fore legs with his hind hoofs in the air above the top of the fence. The spectators roared with laughter, and the toreros looked crestfallen. When the brute found himself on all fours he plunged along between the fences and caught Manager Fernandez napping. The little Spaniard flew for his life and scrambled on to the covered entrance to the ring, trembling, pale and speechless.

Again the people roared with laughter. This third and most ferocious steer sprang on the fence in the same place and in the same manner five times. The toreros nearly all distinguished themselves in their combats with him. Several of them ran at him with round sticks two feet in length, upon the ends of which sticky streamers of ribbon were fixed. Watching their opportunity, they leaped between the animal's horns, distracted his attention with their cloaks, and succeeded in leaving the streamers hanging from his shoulders. When at last the steer saw the open gate and ran from his tormentors, the Spanish gentlemen, who had fatigued themselves with alternate fits of cheering and of laughter, rewarded the toreros with showers of cigars, which they tossed into the arena.

Steer number seven was full of fire and action. One of the most notable combats was that between this beast and the torero in red. The torero taunted the steer for ten minutes. Advancing towards the beast's lowered horns, with his cloak rolled up, but held by two upper corners, the red-cloaked fighter suddenly launched the cloak into the air so that it floated before the steer's eyes and moved with the motion of the steer's head. If the steer started to the right the cloak floated there, but the torero had leaped to the other side. In a twinkling the bull was where the torero had been, and the torero was on the other side, but the cloak still floated before the bull's eyes. If the bull dashed at the centre of the floating cloud of cotton it was only to find himself blinded; if he retreated, the cloak followed; if by a lucky chance he lunged directly at the discreet torero, the torero was gone. Once during this encounter, while Valdemoro hung upon the fence, the steer quitted the man in red and dashed at the champion. His horns struck the fence, but Valdemoro's legs were between them, and they escaped.

According to Señor Fernandez's programme there were to be two more exhibitions, but, on August 3d, Mr. Bergh notified him that he would not permit a repetition.

During the visit of the Industrial Deputation to Mexico last year a bull-fight was held at a little village called Tlanapantla, situated about twelve miles from the City of Mexico, as the *corrida*, or bull-fight, is forbidden by law within the *enclave* of the capital. This is an enactment of recent date for the bullfight still exists, while in all the leading cities and towns of the country the *Plaza de Toros* is an institution, notably at Puebla. Señor Riva Palacio, then Minister of Public Works, got up this bull-fight at his own expense at a cost of some \$6,000. The American party was conveyed by special train to Tlanapantla, and at four o'clock the fight commenced. The ring was very large and laid down with sand. Instead of one continued barrier, as in Spain, there were recesses or stout barricades of wood behind which the toreros or bull-fighters leaped when occasion demanded. In the ring was a Merry Andrew, or clown, whose rôle was to play fantastic tricks with the bull, and to indulge in political and popular allusions. At a given signal—the "call," upon a trumpet—the toreros entered the ring in procession, followed by the picadors or men armed with blunted lances, riding the leanest horses, one eye of each horse being blindfolded, the flanks and back of the animal protected by a suit of sheet-iron cuirass.

After the pleaders marched the banderilleros, whose duty it is to plant darts in the shoulders of the bull; then came the chulos or men who flash their cloaks before the baited brute; then the espadas, out of whose ranks comes the matador, the man who slays the bull; then the muchachos, or attendants; and winding up the procession, the horses with the tires, with showy trappings, destined to bear away the dead body of the slaughtered bull. Again the trumpet brayed forth, and the pleaders, grasping lances, the chulos close to the barricades, prepared to receive the onslaught of the bull. There was a deathlike silence as the ponderous wooden gate was flung open and the bull darted forth, the divisa, or knot of ribbon denoting his breed, dangling from his shoulders. The glories of a Mexican sun shone down on 10,000 people seated in tiers, one above another, around this circular basin of yellow sand. The building had no roof.

Like an arrow from a bow darted the bull from the toril, excited to madness by the prick of the divisa dexterously plunged into his neck. The pleader was at his post—there, eight or nine yards from the door and two from the barrier. The bull bounded right into the centre of the arena, where he stood with head and tail erect, blinded by the sudden glare of the sun, and bewildered by the sight of the thousands of spectators; then, perceiving the pleader, he lowered his head and charged at him full tilt. The lance, passing beneath the arm of the pleader, arrested the furious animal for a second by striking him on the shoulder, from whence a bright stream of blood now began to trickle, but the iron, as was intended, had only entered skin-deep. The bull having made a movement to the right, the lance slipped upon him, and in an instant one of his long, sharp horns was deeply buried in the chest of the horse, from whence the blood commenced to spurt in great ghastly gouts. Again did the bull return to the charge, unmindful of the flashing cloaks of the chulos, and in the second rush the animal got beneath the pleader's guard, hurling man and horse to the earth. Instantly the chulos flashed their capes before the bull and drew him off, while the pleader was assisted from the ring. After two horses had been killed, the pleaders quitted the ring, and the alcalde, or mayor, caused the trumpet to summon the banderilleros. The banderillas are little pieces of wood about half an inch in diameter and two feet long, ornamented for two-thirds of the length by gayly colored tissue-paper, till they resemble huge bonbons. At one end is a steel dart, shaped like a harpoon. They are used in pairs, and six pairs having been planted in the shoulders of the bull, the trumpet sounded for the espada. The matador stepped forth, bearing the muleta or blood-red cloak of office in his left, the long straight sword in his right hand. Flinging his montera or little hat in the air, he uttered *el brindis*, a short speech, declaring his intention of killing the bull or perishing in the attempt, and then stepped forth, and, after some preliminary skirmishing, plunged his sword through the shoulders of the bull right through its heart.

After this the mountebank played tricks with the slaughtered animal, which afforded the Mexicans the most exquisite delight. Then came the lassoing of the bull by caballeros on mustangs, the Merry Andrew riding the lassoed animal amid ten thousand *bravos*, and, lastly, the sacrifice of another bull done to death as the first.

In Spain alone is bull-fighting to be seen. Everything else bearing the name is but a mockery, a deception and a snare.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY.

THE journey of General Garfield through New York State last week was made the occasion of enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President. From the time he reached Buffalo until he reached New York he was warmly greeted at every station, and his return trip was equally agreeable. A special train was made up for him by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and, through the admirable management of its authorities, halts were made at eighteen of the principal towns on the line of the road, to afford the people an opportunity for greeting the distinguished traveler.

The greater part of the evening and night of Tuesday, August 3d, was spent in receiving the citizens of Buffalo at the Palace Hotel. Delegation followed delegation, serenade followed serenade, and the party had only three hours' sleep before being called up to take the special train. General Garfield was accompanied by a number of prominent citizens and Western friends. The party started at 6:30 o'clock, amid the cheers of a large crowd, who, despite the earliness of the hour, had gathered to bid him good-by.

Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, acting for Governor Cornell, took charge of the party, and introduced General Garfield to the people of the State at the several cities where halts were made. He was accompanied by the following members of the Governor's staff: Adjutant General Frederick Townsend, General Charles P. Easton and Colonel John T. Mott. The train reached Batavia, the first stopping-place, at 7:33, and steamed into the station amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of a crowd of thousands of persons, many of whom were evidently workmen. General Garfield stepped from the rear platform, and was briefly introduced by Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, both gentlemen making brief speeches. Cannon boomed, the bands played, the crowd cheered, and amid all this racket the train, with loud clanging bells and piercing whistles, left Batavia. So good time was made between this and the next stop, Rochester, that the party arrived at the depot ahead of the bands and the members of the Lincoln Club, who, having obtained bright new uniforms for the occasion, had hoped to make quite an imposing appearance. The train was two minutes ahead of time. The first shot from the cannon, however, started the whole population for the station, and in a few seconds a crowd of over 8,000 people had collected around the rear of the car. As the second salute was fired, the Lincoln Club, with its band, came up, and owing to some little delay in the starting of the train, they had time to present General Garfield with an address.

The train arrived at Lyons at 9:32, punctually on time, and was received by a large crowd, a salute of cannon, and similar demonstrations of welcome to those which it had met with at the previous stopping-places. At Syracuse, which was reached at 11 o'clock, there was a larger and more enthusiastic crowd awaiting General Garfield than had been met with anywhere on the line since leaving Buffalo. It began at the depot and extended as far as the Journal office, the balcony and windows of which were crowded with enthusiastic employees. It was evidently the belief that the train would stop at the station, instead of which it was slowly moved through the sea of upturned faces to the Central Square, as a place better suited to accommodate the multitude. It crossed Salina Street and came to a standstill opposite the Remington House, and was immediately surrounded by the cheering crowd. A drizzling rain was falling at the time. The Remington, Vanderbilt and the lesser hotels in the square were covered with flags and bunting, and a cannon placed in the centre of the square was fired repeatedly. The crowd, when compacted, filled up the whole square for more than a block, and when a portable platform came up, pushed by a locomotive, they with difficulty made way for it.

Short addresses were made at these places by General Garfield and the gentlemen of his company, and the same courtesies were observed at Rome, Utica, Little Falls, Palatine Bridge, Amsterdam and Schenectady. At Albany, General Arthur boarded the train, and a warm greeting took place between himself and General Garfield. On the trip down the Hudson stoppages were

made at Hudson, Fishkill, Garrison's, Peekskill and Yonkers.

At exactly 7:40 o'clock the train entered the Grand Union Depot in this city. Immediately loud explosions were heard sounding in the great building, like the firing of a battery of heavy artillery. Twenty-five signal torpedoes had been placed on the track, and as the cars moved towards the platform they were exploded in quick succession. This acted as a signal for the crowd, and a rush was made through the gate to the train. Before the train ceased moving the crowd had surrounded it, and cheers were given before General Garfield appeared. As he stepped from the platform the police order became completely broken, and he was surrounded and fairly besieged by the enthusiastic gathering. Hearty cheers filled the air, and hats were waved as he slowly made his way to the depot entrance. It was thought that over 2,000 persons were in the depot at this time. They crowded upon street-car platforms and car-steps, and pushed each other in all directions in order to get a sight at the Republican candidate for President.

General Garfield had a busy time on Thursday. From early morn to late at night his reception-room was a constant centre of interest to prominent members of the Republican Party, and the list of callers included some of the most distinguished names in that party. He received a committee from the Union League of America, and made some brief remarks in regard to the principles of that organization. In the evening General Fremont and the members of the Republican Central Campaign Club were received, but there were no speeches. On Friday evening there was a serenade on an extensive scale at the headquarters of the National Committee, and on Saturday the special train left Jersey City on the Erie Road. Stoppages were made at a number of cities, and the party stopped over Sunday at Chautauqua Lake.

The Distribution of Wealth in Paris.

THERE is little doubt that in a few years the City of New York will contain more wealthy people than any capital in the world. At present it is only exceeded in the number of its millionaires by London. Paris may glitter, but solid gold and substance is more plentifully distributed in the two capitals of commerce. A French writer has made an approximate calculation as to the incomes of the inhabitants of Paris. His conclusions are based on the house rents, and can scarcely be regarded as anything more than approximate. Making due allowance for the large rents, he finds that 421 individuals have incomes over \$53,000; 1,413 possess incomes ranging from \$53,000 to \$26,000; 3,049 from \$26,000 to \$14,000; 9,985 from \$14,000 to \$6,400; 21,453 from \$6,400 to \$2,400; 16,198 from \$2,400 to \$2,000; 17,202 from \$2,000 to \$1,500; 21,147 from \$1,500 to \$1,200; 61,083 from \$1,200 to \$800; 74,360 from \$800 to \$480; and 468,641 individuals, judging from the house rents they pay, can have only incomes below the last figure.

And the calculation has been made based on the different styles of funerals. The Paris undertakers have accommodatedly classified funerals into nine sorts, and the Potter's Field interment comes in with a tenth division. Of 53,218 interments in 1879, 28,767 were of this tenth category—or 54 per cent. taking the figures for four years. Thus, the annual number of Potter's Field interments in Paris is almost equal to the total number of funerals in our city. How can such a fact be reconciled with the reported prosperity and thrift of the Parisians? It might be said that the poorest families in the United States strain every nerve and often place an unnecessary amount of pride in providing for the last rites; but it also is proof that, despite the misery which undoubtedly exists in American cities, there is yet a wide difference between the condition of their working populations and those of European cities. They live better in one sense of the word; and when they die, they have infinitely more chances of a "decent" funeral.

Growth of Cities.

THE New England cities show large gains in population since 1870, as the following table indicates:

Names of Places.	1870.	1880.	Increase Per cent.
Boston.....	250,526	352,000	40
Cambridge.....	39,634	51,593	32
Fall River.....	26,766	47,883	80
Hartford.....	37,180	42,024	13
Lawrence.....	28,921	39,400	35
Lowell.....	40,928	61,900	50
Lynn.....	28,233	38,367	35
Manchester.....	23,836	32,473	37
New Haven.....	50,840	63,000	18
Portland.....	31,413	33,796	7
Providence.....	68,904	104,500	52
Springfield.....	26,703	33,149	18
Worcester.....	41,105	58,233	41

The highest percentage of municipal growth shown by the census is that of Denver, which has increased during the decade at the rate of 650 per cent. Minneapolis ranks second, with a rate of 400 per cent., and Oakland, Cal., third, with a rate of 233 per cent. St. Paul, Minn., and Camden, N. J., share the fourth place with a rate of 167 per cent. Grand Rapids, Mich., is credited with 93 per cent.; St. Joseph, Mo., with 87 per cent.; Omaha, Neb., with 79 per cent., and Atlanta, Ga., with 78 per cent.

The following table shows the growth in population of various cities of the Union outside of the England and the South, the great centres of population not being included:

Names of Places.	1870.	1880.	Increase Per cent.
Albany, N. Y.....	69,422	90,713	30
Allentown, Pa.....	53,180	78,472	47
Buffalo, N. Y.....	117,714	154,766	31
Cleveland, O.....	92,829	159,404	72
Columbus, O.....	31,274	51,337	64
Dayton, O.....	30,473	39,006	28
Detroit, Mich.....	79,577	116,027	48
Indianapolis, Ind.....	48,244	75,031	55
Jersey City, N. J.....	82,546	105,090	28
Kansas City, Mo.....	32,220	56,946	77
Milwaukee, Wis.....	71,440	115,480	63
Newark, N. J.....	105,059	136,983	29
Paterson, N. J.....	33,579	58,000	76
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	86,076	121,977	40
Reading, Pa.....	38,930	43,230	14
Rochester, N. Y.....	75,386	87,057	16
Scranton, Pa.....	35,092	45,736	30
Syracuse, N. Y.....	43,051	62,210	21
Toledo, O.....	31,584	53,635	70
Troy, N. Y.....	46,465	66,594	23
Utica, N. Y.....	28,804	38,923	35

Charms against Lightning.

SCIENCE, with all its confidence, has provided no safeguards against thunder-storms. It can warn, but it cannot protect. Conductors may happily carry off the electric current, but they cannot secure us from danger. The timid may be told emphatically to stand in the middle of the room, to avoid fireplaces and brass ornaments, or to roll themselves up in feather-beds or heavy rugs; but these precautions will be of little avail if houses, as at Manchester, tumble down and bury all alike, the terrified and the bold, in a common ruin. There have been in all ages popular superstitions having for their object to avert the dangers of thunder and lightning. The Thracian soldiers took up their bows and arrows and fired into the clouds to drive away the storm, and it was considered necessary to

erect a cross on St. Paul's steeple, in London, filled with the relics of saints, in order to free the city from all danger of destructive tempests. Constant to the belief that an evil spirit raged in the storm, it was a custom in old times, as well in England as in France and Germany, to ring church bells in order to protect the frightened inhabitants. When they rang out the great bell at the Abbey of St. Germain, in Paris, or chimed in the tower of St. Adelon, in Malmesbury Abbey, the faithful assisted the bell-ringers with their prayers, and helped to stay the storm. Many more homely charms against thunder and lightning exist to this day in some parts of England. The curious herb known as the house-leek, growing on the house-top of rustic cottages, is supposed to be as valuable a preservative as any scientific lightning-conductor of approved pattern. Peasants, true to the faith of their forefathers, still carry beneath their waistcoats scraps of bay leaf or laurel as an amulet—a custom as old as, if not older than, the days of Tiberius Caesar. A London paper says: "We may have got beyond the superstition that allowed a dead man killed by a storm to lie where he fell, in order that the spot might be fenced about and a sheep promptly sacrificed on a rude altar; but it would be strange if country folk did not still place a cold iron bar on the beer barrels to prevent the liquor from turning sour during a thunder-storm; and that swans' eggs are only hatched during a loud peal of thunder is a belief yet cherished by those who watch this bird for signs of atmospheric electricity as closely and confidently as they listen for the scream of the peacock to betoken rain. Countless experiments have been tried to ascertain the scientific causes of a thunder-storm and to determine its proper meaning, from the time when Franklin sent up his silk kite attached to a dry hempen cord and narrowly escaped the danger of drawing fire from the heavens, until the days when electric researches were checked by the death of Professor Richmann, of St. Petersburg, who drew out so much electricity from the thunder-cloud that he was promptly killed on the spot. It is consolatory to reflect, however, that the chances of being personally injured by lightning are very much less than the risks involved in a thousand human inventions."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Review at Windsor.

On Wednesday, July 14th, Her Majesty reviewed in Windsor Great Park the Aldershot Army Corps, under the command of Sir Daniel Lysons, K.C.B. The troops numbered 10,000, and had marched over from Aldershot the previous day, having encamped for the night on Ascot Heath and Chobham. On Her Majesty's arrival a salute was fired, and the Queen, who was accompanied in her carriage by the Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian, the Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught and the two sons of the Prince of Wales being in a second carriage, drove up and down the line and took her station at the saluting point. Then the march-past commenced, the Royal Horse Artillery leading the way. Next came the Household Cavalry Brigade, led by the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief, and who, in this instance, wore both the helmet and cuirass of the Life Guards. After saluting Her Majesty, the Prince quitted his regiment and rode up by the side of the Royal carriage. Then followed in quick succession numerous cavalry and artillery regiments, the Grenadiers and Scots Guards, the Rifle Brigade, led by the Duke of Connaught, and subsequently the Light Cavalry, the Engineers, with telegraph apparatus and wagons, and the batteries of Field Artillery. The march past at an end, various manoeuvres were executed by the different divisions.

The Princess of Wales and the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

The Chelsea Hospital for Women was founded in 1871 for the reception and treatment of gentlewomen in reduced circumstances and of respectable poor women, and was established in a building in the King's Road, Chelsea. The number of patients, however, increased so rapidly that it was felt necessary to secure further accommodation, and an appeal was sent forth for funds to build a new hospital. This being duly responded to, and a site having been obtained in the Fulham Road, the foundation-stone was laid by the Princess of Wales on July 16th. A large number of people were invited to witness the ceremony, and the Princess, who was accompanied by the Prince and two of her children, was received by the Bishop of London and the authorities of the hospital. A silver trowel was handed the Princess by the senior physician, with which she took mortar and plastered the stone. After it was lowered to its proper site, a number of ladies and children passed before the Princess, all bearing purses of money which they laid upon the stone, to the amount of \$5,000.

King Humbert at the Shooting Festival.

Like his father, Victor Emmanuel, Humbert, the present King of Italy, is known throughout his kingdom as a Nimrod of considerable might. The late king usually sought relief from the cares of state in a hunting excursion or a rifle contest with his favorites, never disdain- ing to leave the pomp of his person and rank in his palace. But the present King and Queen have attained immense popularity by freely mingling with the people, and participating in their pleasures and sadnesses. It was not to be wondered at, then, that at the late festival of sharpshooters at Rome, King Humbert appeared with his rifle, and, begging the privilege of shooting with the marksmen, took his place on the range and fired away to his heart's content.

Distributing Flags to the French Army.

During the ceremony of presenting the new flags to the French army on July 14th, the four highest officers of state, M. Grévy, President of the Republic; M. Léon Say, President of the Senate; M. Gambetta, President of the Chamber of Deputies; and M. Freycinet, President of the Council of Ministers, occupied the centre of a grand pavilion, with the members of the Senate on one hand and those of the Chamber on the other. The troops, having first saluted the President, were inspected by the Minister of War and the military *attachés* of the foreign ambassadors. The President then distributed the flags, bowing as an aide-de-camp handed the flag to an ensign, who handed it to the colonel, who, after saluting the President, returned it to the ensign.

The New Hotel de Ville, Paris.

As cities in the Middle Age purchased charters from the kings, they set up their city halls. That of Paris was for centuries a very modest structure, but on the 1st of July, 1553, the corner-stone of an imposing edifice was laid by Peter Viole, and the erection began under the direction of Dominic Boccador, of Cortona, as architect. Civil wars checked the progress, and the Hotel de Ville, begun under Francis I., was not completed till the year 1628, in the reign of Louis XIII. It was a very handsome edifice, but in time became too small. Napoleon proposed to enlarge it, but this was not actually done till 1837, when the architect Godde superintended the additions which took seven years to complete, and were in perfect harmony with the original structure. All was destroyed by the Commune in 1871. Two years after the city selected, from sixty-six plans submitted, that of Messrs. Ballu and Delapierre. The new City Hall stands on the old site and is nearly completed; it reproduces in general effect the old Hotel de Ville, and will be a remarkable restoration of old Paris. Our illustration shows the west and south fronts, which are more imposing than in the preceding buildings.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A NEW design for national bank notes is suggested, to make counterfeiting more difficult.

—A LARGE number of very rich silver mines have been discovered in the State of Guerrero, Mexico.

—THE Greek Government has abandoned the proposed mobilization of the army in deference to the advice of the Powers.

—THE Compensation for Disturbance in Ireland Bill was defeated in the House of Lords on August 2d, by a vote of 282 to 51.

—THE Chilean transport *Loa* was blown up by a torpedo in Callao Bay, July 2d. About 150 men, including most of the officers, perished.

—THE Government of Colombia has given permission to a company to lay a cable on the west coast of Panama, to connect with the United States.

—It is estimated that the California wheat crop this year, will amount to 47,500,000 bushels, the whole value of which will be close on \$43,000,000.

—A BRITISH ship has sailed for Texas with 3,500 barrels of oil, made for the purpose of preserving railroad ties and bridge timbers under a new process.

—THE work of reconstruction upon the Washington Monument was commenced August 6th, and twenty feet will be added to the height before December.

—THE returns of the French elections for Conseils-Généraux show that 804 Republicans and 325 Conservatives were elected. The Republicans gain 189.

—By a vote of 13 to 8 the Aldermen of New York have adopted a cat ordinance similar to that relating to dogs, and the Mayor is authorized to appoint official cat-catchers at once.

—DR. CHARLES H. KEHNROTH and Rev. Thomas B. Miller, of Philadelphia, have been held for trial in connection with the issuing of spurious medical diplomas in that city.

—THE population of Maine, estimated from the returns already in, is 646,000, against 626,915 in 1870. The population of Vermont is 334,455, a gain of 3,904 over the census of 1870.

—THE railroad engineers, switchmen, gatemen, etc., in Connecticut, are protesting against the tests for the discovery of color blindness, which prevents their employment by the railroad companies.

—THE municipal governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow are, on the plea of the verge of bankruptcy, trying to get off being compelled to contribute to the opera in those cities, but it is doubtful if they succeed.

—THE census returns from seventy-five counties in Missouri show an increase in the population of 325,449 since 1870, and if the other thirty-nine counties make as good a showing the population of the State will be over 2,200,000, an increase of half a million, or thirty per cent. in ten years.

—THE enormous public indebtedness of Canada excites grave apprehension in the minds of thoughtful men. The system of decentralization has added largely to the cost of government, and this has been greatly felt in the recent period of depression. It is believed that the value of real estate in Montreal has declined more than \$10,000,000 in the past ten years.

—THE Consul of the United States at Bremen reports that the total number of emigrants who have passed through that port *en route* to this country during the past quarter reaches the unprecedented figure of 31,971, being greater by 5,721 than the total number during the whole of the year 1879, and an increase of 23,081 over the first quarter of the current year.

—A COMMITTEE, including some of the leading members of the Roman aristocracy, has been formed to promote the holding of an international exhibition in Rome in 1885. The advocates of the scheme have received encouraging letters from the Duke d'Aosta, ex-King of Spain; Premier Gladstone, of England; and M. Gambetta, President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

—JUSTICE COOKE, of the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, rendered a decision in the contest between General James Jourdan and the old Commissioners of Police, John Fyburn and Oliver R. Leich, for the control of the Police Department, giving to General Jourdan the control of the department as Commissioner under the Single Head Bill passed by the Legislature last Winter.

—A STATUE to the memory of Rouget de L'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise," is about to be erected in France. The committee having the matter in charge reminds the public how one general in command of the Republican armies wrote, after a battle, "We were one against ten, but the 'Marseillaise' was on our side"; and how another, asking for reinforcements, wrote, "Send me a thousand men and a copy of the 'Marseillaise,' and I will answer for the victory."

—It is said that an Irish member intends to move a resolution in the House of Commons at the earliest opportunity declaring that the direct and indirect share of the peerage in legislation is far in excess of its legitimate interest in the government of the Empire, and that the time will come when, to redress this preponderance, the sons, brothers and heirs presumptive of members of the House of Lords will be declared incapable of sitting in the House of Commons.

—ADVISES from the City of Mexico are to July 27th. The disorders and revolts reported recently from various parts of the Republic, though inspiring no serious fears, continue, notwithstanding the assertion that all was quiet. The opposition, enraged at General Gonzalez's success, calls President Diaz a bloody despot, and predicts that Gonzalez will be a worse one. The situation of the country is confused and undefined. President Diaz has called General Gonzalez to the capital.

—A COMPANY, the capital stock of which is chiefly owned in Cincinnati, is negotiating with the cable companies for the lease of a line for eight days for the purpose of testing experiments for telephonic communication with Europe. It is believed that the new French line will be secured. The arrangements, it is thought, will be completed in a few days. The process upon which the proposed work is to be done is based upon the Oranbough invention of 1868, and the recent Klemm patents. Ample capital has already been raised for completing the plan. Several Eastern influential business men are associated with the enterprise. The tests will be made from New York City.

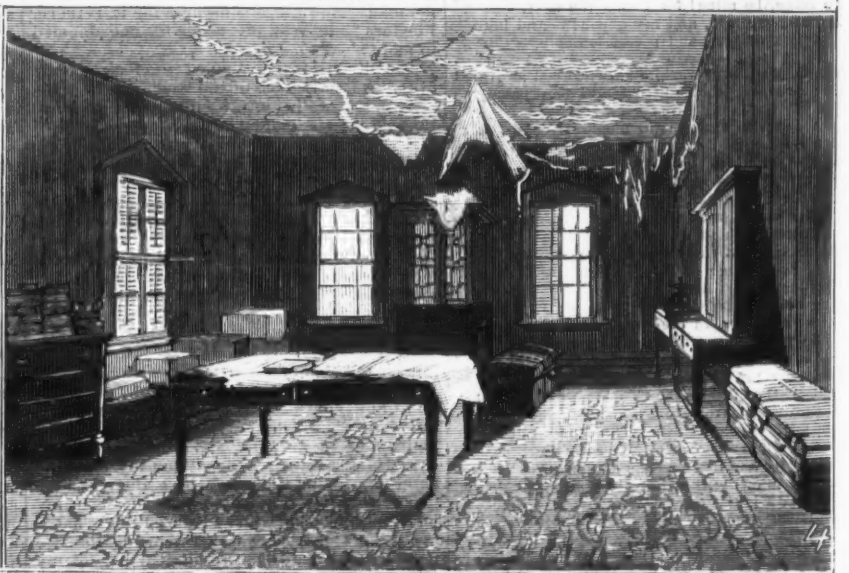
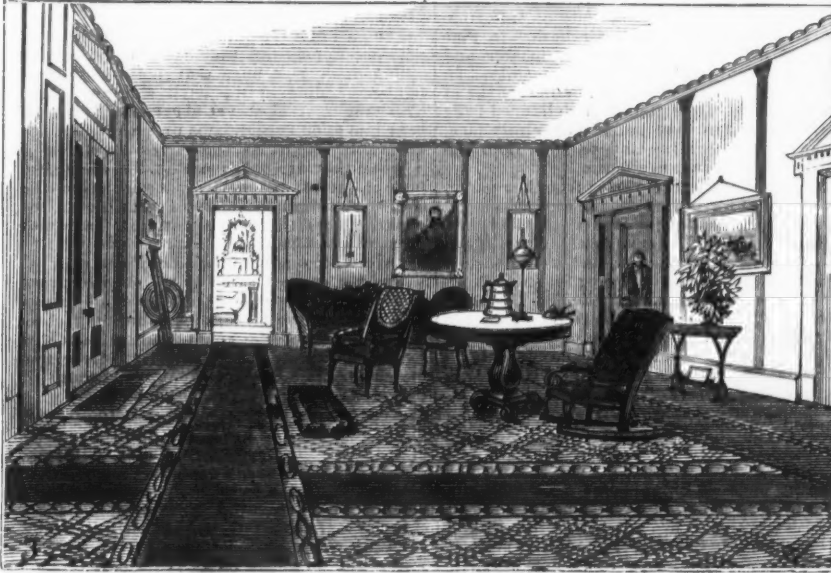
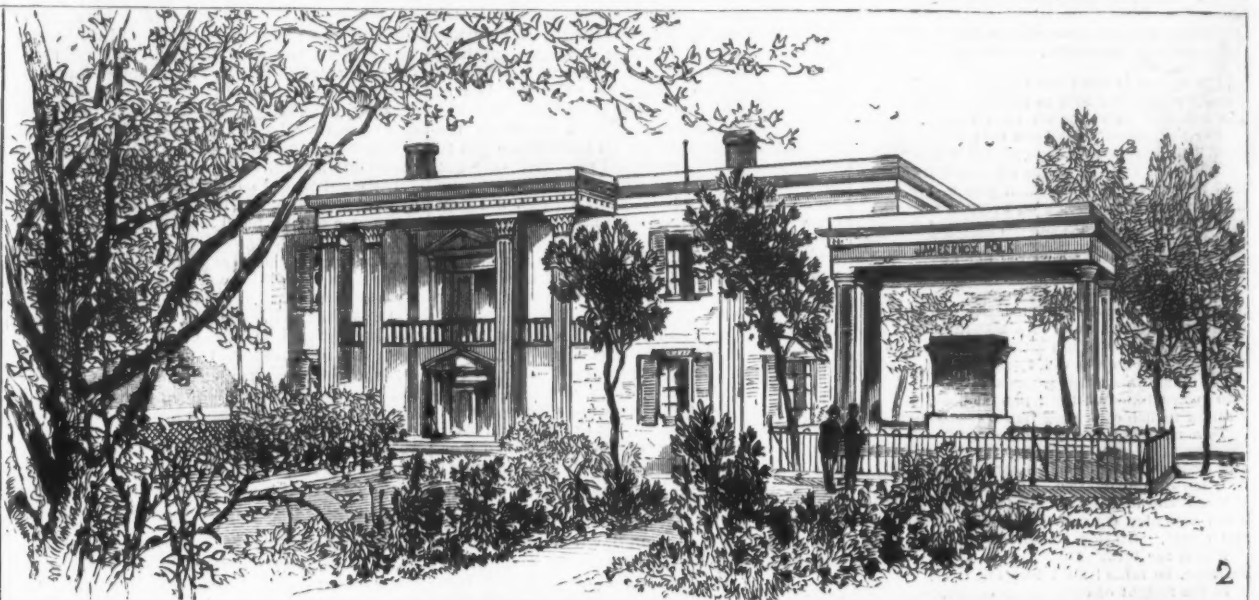
—JERUSALEM seems to be growing in favor as a place of residence for foreigners who find their native countries uncomfortable. The foreign Jewish population has, according to Consul Moore, increased considerably of late years. That community is now estimated at 15,000, including native Jews, against 10,000 in 1873. The desire to avoid compulsory military service now enforced in most European countries, and the right of holding real property in Turkey, probably account for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly 400 persons, that at Jaffa about 300. There is a third German settlement at Caiffa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous.



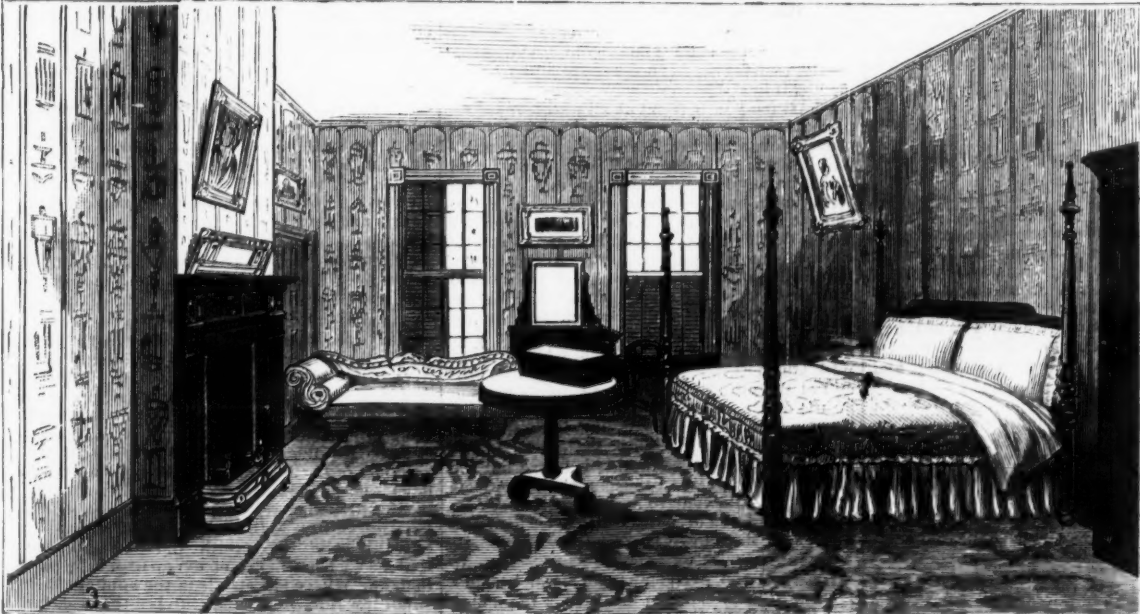
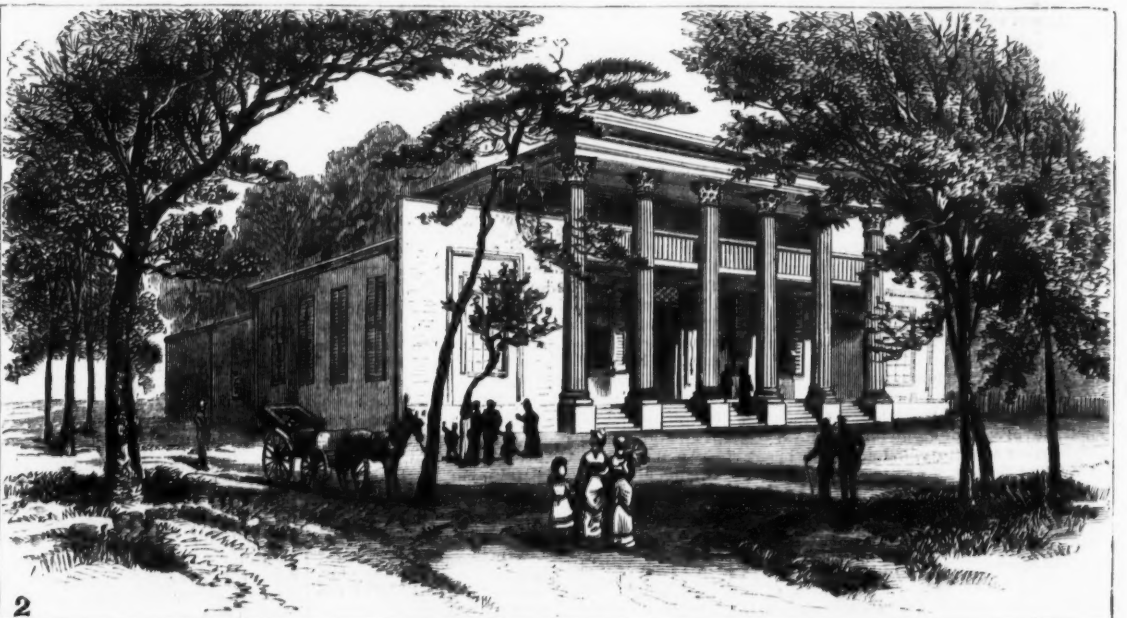
AN OLD-TIME BULL-FIGHT AT TLANAPANTLA, MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 414.



THE SHAM BULL-FIGHT IN THE NEW AMPHITHEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, ON JULY 31ST.—SEE PAGE 414.



1. MRS. PRESIDENT POLK. 2. THE POLK MANSION AND TOMB. 3. THE RECEPTION-ROOM. 4. PRESIDENT POLK'S STUDY, AS HE LEFT IT THE LAST TIME.



1. TOMB OF PRESIDENT JACKSON. 2. THE "HERMITAGE." 3. ROOM IN WHICH PRESIDENT JACKSON DIED. 4. HOME OF THE GENERAL BEFORE HE BECAME PRESIDENT. 5. SWORD GIVEN THE GENERAL BY THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, AND CHAIR PRESENTED BY WASHINGTON. 6. CARRIAGE MADE OF TIMBERS FROM THE "CONSTITUTION," AND FAMILY CARRIAGE USED DURING HIS PRESIDENCY.

TENNESSEE.—A VISIT TO THE HOMES OF THE LATE PRESIDENTS POLK AND JACKSON, AT NASHVILLE.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 419.

"THE WOOING O'T."

GIVE throat, ye birds, with a fuller note!
Thrush, blackbird, robin, give songful
throat.
For to you is the fairy credit
That my love—my love is in leaf at last;
Her soft consent to the air hath passed;
Her low, sweet tones have said it!
Coined by her lips was the golden "Yes"—
The wood and the winds all heard it!
Had it been aught other than just to-day,
With the birds at wooing on every spray,
She might have, perchance, deferred it.

For shy were we as we moved among
The budding trees, with our loves unsung,
And weary with over-waiting
For the hints that heaven at times lets fall
In the tongue-tied hush of a blissful thrall.
Till we marked some birds a-mating.
A blackbird-beau was a-tit before
His flame in a bush adjacent;
Two robins bled at their platted door,
While a thrush cock sang like a troubadour
To a mate not less complacent.

And feathered swains in all sorts of guise—
Red, brown and mottled—with dancing eyes,
Were wild at their Spring love-making.
When a sudden courage inspired my heart,
And I said, "Oh, love! shall we miss a part
Which the birds of the air are taking?
"Be mine, be mine! for I love but thee!"
Is the freight of each blithe confession.
Be mine, be mine! for I hold the dear,
My life, my love, and my queen! And here
I took of her hand possession.

Throb, gush and warble, ye wildwood swarms!
She drooped, she blushed and she paled, as
forms

A cloud in the sunrise burning;
Her low-breathed "Yes!" to my ear stole up.
As the perfumed thrill from a lily-cup
In reply to a zephyr's yearning,
And then, as my arms she melted in,
The woods, with our bliss transported,
So pulsed with song that it seemed as though
All denizens of their depths, I trow,
Were courting or being courted.

Sing out, ye birds, till the wide air swoons!
At noon, at eve, in the deep, clear noons.
Be your voice like a rushing river!
For it all to ye I must ever owe
That my prayer was winged to her heart, as
though
Fire-tipped from Love's own quiver.
She is mine, she is mine! She loves but me!
Her low, sweet tones have said it.
Coined by her lips was the golden "Yes"—
To you is owing that word's caress,
To you is the fairy credit!

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED).

IT is Lady Jet, and surely she is the most beautiful object in all this bower of beauty. In stature she is small but exquisitely formed, and looks like a diminutive sovereign. She is dressed perfectly in a morning robe of amber-satin, and the little foot that peeps from under her silken skirts is attired in a dainty sandal of the same hue. Her hair, of a rich, purple hue, is the color of an Italian night—soft, luxurious, lustrous; and looking at her, you would swear that her eyes are the most beautiful in all the world—large, dark, languid, with passionate depths that hold a suggestion of amber, that rare rich color that she loves.

Lady Jet is a wonder—so small, so dainty, so proud!

"What do you want, Phedora?" inquires this small sovereign of eighteen years.

"Your father sent for you, Lady Jet; breakfast is waiting."

The large, lustrous eyes of Lady Jet give a flash that is positively savage.

"Breakfast!" she cries, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I don't want any breakfast. I won't have any! Nothing but eat and drink and sleep in this house! I am so sick of it. Tell the count to send my portion down to some one of those starving wretches in the mines."

"Won't you come down at all?" asks the gentle, patient voice of the companion.

"No! Tell my father so, and then come back. I can't bear to be alone."

Phedora retires, and this little brown berry of a peeress gives herself up to pacing the floor until her companion returns.

"Oh, Phedora!" she cries, "I am so sick, so tired of this life. My father had no right to doom me to it. He was selfish in his grief for mamma. He should have remembered her child—that this barren, hateful country is no place for a peeress of Russia. Look at me; here I am buried alive! Oh, if I could only go to Petersburg! I think of that world that I am shut out from until I grow sick at heart. I have rank, youth, beauty, yet I had as well be dead! It is so hard—so hard!" The girl's eyes sparkle dangerously, and a feverish flush stains her usually colorless countenance.

"But you have also much to be thankful for, my dear. You—"

Lady Jet makes a move, and shakes her small fist at her companion.

"If you go talking that way, Phedora," she says, "I will knock you down. What have I got to be thankful for? Nothing! I have not my rights! If I had I would be in the Russian capital, the belle of every ball. I would go to court, where I would be admired. I would go to the opera—I would be of the world. Instead of that—look at me! Was there ever such a dead, solitary existence as mine? For eighteen years I have been buried away here; no friends, no acquaintances, nothing in the world to kill the horrible monotony—nothing

to do but to waste my time with Nick or over a novel, or spend it in triggering myself in this finery sent me from Petersburg. And I want something better. Phedora, I want something better! Do you suppose I have no mind? Do you think a little silk finery, a few jewels, will compensate for the loss of friends, society, the world? And, besides, it isn't so much the present, but the future; all my life has got to drag through this way; all my life I have got to be shut away from everything that I yearn for! I must stay here until I grow old and blow away. Oh! Phedora! I am so tired of it!"

She flings herself in the woman's arms, and, burying her face upon her breast, breaks into passionate sobs, which Phedora strives in vain to check.

"My darling," she says, at last, "it is no worse than it always has been."

"Yes, it is worse," replies Lady Jet, deluged in tears, "a thousand times worse! In the past I have been a child. I am a woman now, and know all that I miss, all that I want. And then, too, if I thought of the misery and woe down there in the mines I should go mad! Oh, Phedora! to think that our proudest, bravest nobles are doomed to it. To them, who come of the best of the land, life must be so horrible—to toil from dawn to nightfall, to be sunk lower than the brutes, to look ahead and see no rest, no light, nothing but this weary, endless torture—oh! my God! it drives me mad! And there is no help for it, is there, Phedora?—no rest, no succor for one doomed to exile?"

The piteous, tear-drenched eyes look eagerly at the sad, dark face of the woman.

"No," says Phedora, in that voice of inextinguishable sadness; "there is no help—no hope!"

A low cry breaks from the girl, and she again buries her face upon the breast that has stood to her in the stead of a mother's.

"Oh, it is so hard—so cruel," she cries. "The Czar is a dastard and a villain to permit such laws. It is unjust!"

Under the smooth, dark skin of Phedora's face, steals a pink flush, and her eyes, losing their mournfulness, flash with a righteous wrath.

"Unjust!" she repeats, and there is a rising inflection in her voice, showing that she is laboring under excitement. "Where is there justice in Russia? You say, look at you, when you think yours is the bitterest lot on earth; but I say, look at me, if you would see a monument of tyranny and injustice. I was exiled for stealing a crust for my starving child—exiled by the man whose mistress I refused to be, who tried to steal me from my husband, and who, when I refused to go, hated me with a hatred bitter than death. He persecuted me to death; he told lies of my husband, whom I loved as I loved my God; he put all labor out of his hands. And when we were starving and my husband sick, I stole a loaf of brown bread. He had his hounds watching me. I was seized, carried off, exiled after a farce of a hearing, and never from that day to this have seen or heard aught of my child or its father!"

Lady Jet's tears had ceased to flow; she stands silent, appalled at this history of a broken heart, her eyes fastened upon the patient, weary face of this woman who has been more than a mother to her. Then her lips move slowly, and her eyes are dark with wrath.

"My God, if there is a God, how can He allow such wickedness?" Then she flings her arms around Phedora's neck and her sobs break out afresh, both in sympathy for herself and Phedora. "In the face of your broken, ruined life, I should be ashamed to mourn for my own lot; yet, Phedora, I am so wretched!"

"I know it, dear," says the woman, simply, but there is a great pity in her voice and manner as she smooths her hand across Lady Jet's rippling hair.

An intense silence reigns in the luxurious chamber; the costly trifle of a clock ticks softly upon the mantle; in front of the grate lies stretched a fierce Siberian blood-hound, the special favorite of his mistress. At last Lady Jet straightens herself.

"Phedora," she says, feverishly, "dress me, dear, quick." The great, wistful eyes of the woman look at her earnestly.

"Where are you going, Lady Jet?"

A faint flush mounts upwards to the dark, rich face of the girl, and into the tender, lustrous eyes flashes a look of defiance as she answers:

"To the mines!"

The wistful anxiety in the sad, eloquent face of Phedora deepens.

"I wish you would not go, dear," she says, lowly.

"Why do you wish I would not go?" inquires the girl, her eyes flashing.

"Because, dear, it is worse than madness. It may arouse remark among the officers; some suspicion may even float to your father's ears. Lady Jet, please, for my sake, don't go!" But this plea, usually all-powerful with the passionate nature of the girl, fails to touch her now. A determination that no mortal power can shake has fastened upon her and she only repeats her command to be dressed.

The naturally timid, shrinking nature of Phedora, increased by brutality and suffering, is no match to cope with the fiery impetuous temperament of her mistress. Without further comment, she proceeds to attire her in a suitable robe, but the fear and anxiety of her soul are painted upon her sensitive face. When she has accomplished her duty, she dons her own wraps, and mistress and companion leave the chamber, and are soon out in the air, chilled with the frigid breath of an eternal Winter.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE EXILED NOBLE.

AND now, in this history of Lady Jet, the reader must permit a slight retrospection. In this monotonous life to which, through the

selfish grief of the count, she has been consigned, it is her custom to take long walks through the forests, accompanied by Phedora and Sphinx, her hound. Upon one of these occasions, when the dog, from some unprejudiced reason, was absent, the young peeress was attacked by a half-starved wolf, who, driven thither by the severity of the Winter, which was even greater than usual, had staggered down from the mountains.

Lady Jet would surely have fallen victim to this rapacious brute had not, at this critical moment, a saving hand been stretched forth in her behalf.

Unnoticed by her, further down the forest, a small gang of exiles were employed in boring for a new mine. One of these, seeing the peril of the ladies, with that instinct that had not yet been killed in him, despite the years of labor and degradation, rushed to the rescue.

Although the terrified women would have been no match for the maddened beast, in the hands of this man, whose muscles were hardened and strengthened by toil until they were like iron, the half-starved, attenuated enemy was comparatively harmless, and soon lay strangled at their feet—though the hands of their deliverer bore several marks of the poor brute's fangs, and from which they were bleeding profusely.

Lady Jet, thus delivered, looked up. She saw a man with a face like Guido painted for his St. Michael—grand, king-like, saintly, and stamped with the sublimity of suffering, the grandeur of a mighty strength. In that moment her soul recognized its master, and her heart went out to him for all eternity. She did not see his convict's garb, or the marks of toil upon the hands that had delivered her; all she saw was that grand and saintly face, with its infinite pathos and patience, and she stood staring at him in silence.

At last Phedora, recovering from her panic, thanked him for his invaluable services.

"It is of no consequence," he replied. "I am glad that I could serve you." His manner was stately and composed, and, as he turned to leave them, Lady Jet sprang forward.

"But you are wounded!" she cried, hastily. "See how your hands are bleeding. I cannot let you go until I have endeavored to alleviate your pain, of which I am the cause."

A smile of infinite pathos and gentleness crossed the wan face of the rescuer.

"It does not matter," he said. "I am an exile."

She looked up at him in his stricken and shattered manhood, as he stood before her with the block and chain—this man, so like a god—then into the lustrous, languid eyes of Lady Jet rushed a flood of tears. He looked at her dazed and bewildered—this sympathy was so new; then around the firm, closely-shut lips of the exile came a brief spasm of pain, as he bent over, and, almost unconsciously, laid his hand upon the small, proud head of his sympathizer.

"It is very kind," he said, and his voice was a trifle unsteady—"this sympathy. I had almost forgotten that there was such a thing as humanity. I have, of late years, been thrown with brutes," he motioned with his head towards the gang of convicts, and a shudder convulsed him. "Yet it is also cruel, as it shows me what is lost to me for ever."

And then the guard, having control of that gang, reach them—a coarse, brutal man, that showed the beast in his face. He approached the exile, who stood before the women with uncovered head, and laid his massive hand upon his arm.

"What!" he thundered, "talking to these women? You have transgressed the rules. You shall be punished, my lord. Come, away with you, or—"

Lady Jet stepped forward, her small figure was drawn erect, her head thrown back, her eyes flashed fire.

"Villain!" she cried. "How dare you interfere with this gentleman. Leave this spot this instant, and when he sees fit he will join you. Go! I have enough power to hurl you from your position and take the bread from your mouth. Know that I am Count Zickwof's daughter, and if you presume to disobey I will report you to my father, and you shall be made to suffer for your insolence."

With one scowling, malignant glance at the exile, the guard slunk off like a whipped cur, and Lady Jet turned to her deliverer.

"I must bind up your hand," she said, gently, and, taking out her handkerchief, began tearing it in strips.

"I assure you it is not at all necessary," replied the exile. "I am very happy to have served you, and now, if you will permit me, I will bid you good-morning." He turned and walked away to resume his toil, and Lady Jet went home, but from that hour a bitter discontent, a weary restlessness, settled upon her that is destined never again to be banished.

On this morning she walks on to the mines, followed by her companion, and is lowered into the shaft to the scene of miserable labor. Greeted with respectful salutations on all sides from the officers, she makes her way along the tunnel-like excavation which is lined with laborers, until she comes to the extreme end of the mines. Here the principle portion of the exiles are employed in unearthing the precious metal. Despite the hundreds at work, a strange, ghastly silence of human noises pervades the place. Nothing is heard but the ring of the pick-axe and the shovel, the convicts not being allowed to speak under severe penalty, and the occasional fierce oath of the guards as they urge on some tardy laborer half-fainting with toil.

Lady Jet and her companion stand beside a gang of women engaged in washing the metal, but the gaze of the peeress is fixed upon the men. Chained to a huge brute in the guise of a man, delving in the hard rock, with hands worn and bruised, she sees the man who saved her life.

He is a man of majestic mien despite his

terrible surroundings. His hair, cut short, is prematurely gray; his face, stamped with its travail and its patience, wondrous in its strength and grandeur, though deeply marked with lines of pain and toil. He is a wreck! Once the proudest of his land, he was stricken down in the rich promise of his haughty manhood, his might shattered, his fame gone. Through the endless torture of weary years he has known no life but this horrid existence that now claims him, the toil and suffering and want of which have driven from him all memory of that other time when fame and plenty were his. He is ruined, mind and body; his health gone, his intellect shattered; but as he labors there, with the sweat of torture heavy upon his brow, as he drags through the endless travail of this living death, there is yet that in him that bespeaks the Russian noble.

And as she watches him, in Lady Jet's eyes shines the light of a great love for this man, sunk lower than the brutes, and for whom all life is killed for ever. Her whole soul has gone over into his keeping, and as she looks at him in his bitter bondage a resolution fastens upon her to burst his chains—to free him from this living death. She comes of a race of warriors, and, despite the circumstances of her peculiar rearing, there is in her nature a Spartan heroism, an indomitable resolution, inherited from her famous ancestors. And all this inherent determination will be henceforth consecrated to this purpose, as is also her life given over to his service.

For an hour she remains in the mines, and not once during this time does the eye of the exiled noble rest upon that small, motionless figure standing in the dark shadow of the overhanging rocks; yet she is content to be near him even though he is unconscious of her devotion. But at last she leaves the mines.

When they are once more under the clear, pure light of the sky, far away from the stifling, fetid atmosphere of that scene of wretchedness they have just left, Lady Jet turns to Phedora.

"We will go now to the office," she says.

And the woman, awed by the stern, set face of her young mistress, dare offer no objection. The "office" is a large, square building, close to the house of the count, and in which is transacted all the official business. Here, too, in ponderous ledgers, is kept an account of every exile, consisting of the name, age, station and offense of the condemned. In this building Count Zickwof passes the greater portion of his time. This morning a trifling indisposition has occasioned his absence, and as Lady Jet and her companion enter the office, only one official is present; this is Rudolph Poloskie, assistant and confidential secretary to the count, to whom he comes next in command.

Poloskie is a man thirty years of age, with a calm, cold, handsome face, and a physique that denotes an unusually powerful intellect. His manner is quiet, courteous and self-contained; but, despite his calm and refined appearance, a keen observer of human nature would be impressed with the conviction that there is much of the animal in his nature—that beneath the icy exterior slumber instincts of fierce passion. In the dark, delicate face are unmistakable lines of sensuality, and around the lips indications of a powerful will, which, combined with a certain selfishness, would make this man a dangerous adversary. One could imagine a tiger foregoing his greed, but never this man any resolution, any desperate purpose upon which he had fastened his determination. Sooner or later all things must yield to his ceaseless persistency, his indomitable will. Passion, selfishness and revenge are latent features in his nature, combined with a delicacy and refinement that but increase their danger.

As Lady Jet appears, he rises and advances to meet her, his manner, courteous, dignified and attractive. After the customary salutations are got through with, the young lady says, carelessly:

"I come to look over the ledgers. Several of the convicts have interested me, and I want to see their history."

The gentleman bows politely, arranges a comfortable position for the young lady before the desk, sees her seated, hands a chair to Phedora with as much deference as he attended her mistress, then returns to his writing, apparently unconscious of the presence of a second person.

In the meantime Lady Jet is poring over the massive books before her. She has been fortunate enough to procure the number of the man she loves, and up one column and down another of the small and tiresome figures she searches, until her eyes grow blinded and her brain aches. Still she never falters in her resolution; minutes drag into hours, and at last, when she has almost despaired, her efforts are rewarded.

"3,671—Count Zeikal Smoloff; Tenth Count of the House of Smoloff. Condemned to exile in the year 18—, for speaking the Polish language in the palace of the Czar."

She shuts the book. It is enough.

Her eyes blaze with a grand wrath; her young face is stern and set. Yet in her soul is a madness of agony that drives her almost distracted. Ten years of shame and torture; ten weary, bitter, pain-filled years, shut off from all human companionship—sunk amidst criminals of the deepest dye, branded with the heaviest of earth's shame! She sets her teeth hard, and her breath breaks from her sharply—ten years in this living tomb, ten years in a bondage bitter than death, while she—She thinks of the wealth and extravagance that have been hers—of every caprice gratified, and where she stands in the sunlight, her small jewel-flashing hand clutches the desk for support, as, with the most powerful effort in her life, she smothers a groan. Without a word to her companion, she hastens out of the office, followed by Phedora; in her eyes a wild, piteous misery too great for words.

Secretary Poloskie stares after her curi-

ously; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, returns to his duties, while Lady Jet and Phedora walk slowly back to the mansion.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A DOWNFALL.

AS may have been anticipated, the murder of Count Lagora is fastened upon Maize, and through St. Petersburg the wildest excitement runs riot. In the palaces of the noble, in the cottages of the people, in the hovels of the serf—everywhere reaches this wave of agitation. Calm and unprejudiced deliberation is impossible; the aristocracy, influenced by that Freemasonry existing between them, pronounce the accused innocent; actuated by that same clannish prejudice, the people declare her guilty; for years public excitement has not been so great, and at the expiration of three weeks it has not abated in the least.

It is well known that both the State and the defendant have secured able counsel. Lord Ashhurst and his friends at once solicited Counselor Dornsdoff as their lawyer, but this was promptly declined, in which case overtures were made to, and accepted by, Lawyer Dornsdoff's rival, a man of fame and unquestionable ability, and fully equal to the whilom gunsmith, who represents the State.

Upon one morning, nearly four weeks after the murder, a close carriage drives up to the city prison of St. Petersburg—a carriage bearing the haughty crest of the Ashhursts—and a gentleman gets out, and, walking hastily up the long flight of steps, disappears in the gloomy building. In a few moments the door of one of the largest cells is opened, and Jack and Maize are together. As must be expected, the horror and shame of the past weeks could not but leave their trace in the unfortunate girl; there is a waxen tint in her face that was not there before this terrible trial, but her eyes are brave and fearless as of old, though encompassed with dark circles.

But the ghastly alteration in Jack is appalling, as he stands viewing this child of his love and adoption; in his eyes is an anguish that it seems impossible for any human being to endure. In the past weeks he has aged more than in all his life put together; his face is bleached to an ashen pallor, his cheeks are sunken, his eyes tired and haggard, and his hair thickly strewn with gray.

He stands for a moment staring at the girl in an agonized regard, then with a step gains her side, and she is folded away in his arms, while he caresses her with all the fondness of his great, tender nature, and from his eyes streams a flood of bitter, uncontrollable tears, and his form quivers with his terrible emotion.

The girl is by far the stronger and more composed of the two. The shame and affliction that have swept over her have developed all the grand and heroic traits of her character; that inherent spirit of courage and martyrdom has risen and gone forth to meet the conflict, and she awaits the result with an intrepid heart.

And yet she is but human; and it is very dear to her, this deathless love—this unaltering faith that encompasses her; and as she lies in his arms, close to that great, faithful heart, her mind goes back to the past, and she almost fancies that she is a child again, far removed from this miserable present, with its peril and menace. As her thoughts thus suddenly revert to the past—that happy past, sun-drenched and cloudless, and from which she is separated by a gulf that can never be crossed—for the first time since her confinement tears, great and blinding, rush to her eyes. Never did a life open brighter than hers; never was one shut in with darker clouds or greater shame. But, hating herself for her weakness, she forces back the tears, and, raising her hand, pats Jack's cheek. It is her old, childish caress of other days, and a spasm of agony contracts the man's face at the mute caress.

(To be continued.)

HOMES OF THE LATE PRESIDENTS
POLK AND JACKSON, NASHVILLE.

ONE of the points of interest in Nashville, Tenn., to strangers as well as citizens, is the residence of Mrs. President James K. Polk. It is a noble edifice, on a commanding eminence in the heart of the city. Spacious lawns stretch on either side—in one direction reaching to Vine and Union Streets, and on the other to Polk Avenue, which leads to Church Street. From the porticoes of the residence an extensive view is afforded of the whole city. Immediately in front of the Church Street entrance, rising in its lofty height above the intervening buildings, is the new Custom House. On the right and left church spires and college towers rise into view. The building is a square edifice, with the porticoes on the two entrances, supported by immense columns extending the full height of the building. It was purchased by President Polk on his return from Washington, before being elected President, and was remodeled to suit his taste. Within the building transverse hallways lead to the various apartments. The reception-room proper is in the southeast corner of the building, separated from the other apartments by two halls of spacious dimensions. It is an elegant room, recently decorated with Eastlake colors, and carpeted with Brussels. Upon the mantel, in handsome frames, are the inaugural address of Governor Polk, the first Message and inaugural address of President Polk, and other interesting papers, standing just as the deceased President left them thirty years ago. A handsome cabinet contains many rare curiosities, and above this is a portrait of Mrs. Polk as she appeared years ago. Just opposite is one of her husband; both were painted by Earle, the favorite artist of General Jackson. But of the many excellent portraits adorning the walls of the reception-room, that which now attracts the attention, in the most marked manner, is a beautiful counterpart of the aged lady, Mrs. James K. Polk, painted by George Dury. The figure is appeared in a dress of rich black silk; the silvery-gray curls peep out from beneath a becoming widow's cap; the expression is that which Mrs. Polk's friends know so well when she is engaged in animated conversation. This portrait is, at Mrs. Polk's death, to be the property of Mrs. G. W. Fall, the beloved niece, whose presence now gives life and animation to the household.

Situated immediately above the reception-room on the second floor is the former office of President

Polk. When he returned home from Washington, and had concluded the arduous duties incumbent upon the Chief Executive of the nation, he busied himself setting his house in order for a long term, as he thought, of quiet life. All his official and State papers, and public and private documents, he arranged with order and method in cases prepared for them, each bearing a label indicating its purpose. In the centre of the apartment is a long table, having upon it pen, ink and paper, as President Polk left them when stricken with his fatal illness. For thirty years the office has remained unchanged. It is now just as it was left then. Mrs. Polk spends hours in this room, occasionally, and she knows the locality of any desired paper, and, it is said, can even lay her hand upon them in the dark.

The monument, or mausoleum, is situated in the eastern lawn. It may be seen and the inscriptions read from the street. The material of which it is made is the Tennessee marble, of a grayish color. The architecture is simple and elegant. Two steps lead to a main floor from the ground. In the centre of this is an altar-like centre-piece. Upon it are the inscriptions:

On the east side—"The mortal remains of James Knox Polk are resting in the vault beneath. He was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and emigrated with his father, Samuel Polk, to Tennessee in 1806. The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his life. The excellence of Christianity was exemplified in his death."

On the south side—"By his public policy he defined, established and extended the boundaries of his country. He planted the laws of the American Union on the shores of the Pacific. His influence and his counsel tended to organize the National Treasury on the principles of the Constitution, and to apply the rule of freedom to navigation, trade and industry."

On the north side—"His life was devoted to the public service. He was elected successively to the first places in the State and Federal Governments, a member of the General Assembly, a member of Congress, and Chairman of the most important Congressional Committees, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Governor of Tennessee and President of the United States."

Four columns support a canopy which surmounts the whole. Upon the cornice, fronting Vine Street, is the inscription:

"JAMES KNOX POLK,
Tenth President of the United States.
Born, November 24, 1795;
Died, June 15th, 1849."

Visitors are frequent both at the residence and tomb, the latter being free to inspection at all times.

THE "HERMITAGE" AT NASHVILLE.

The "Hermitage" building is a large two-story brick edifice, containing several commodious and ample dimensions and numerous hallways. A large two-story portico on the front entrance is supported by columns extending the full height of the house. Library or office rooms occupy opposite ends of the building, on the portico. The house was built for General Jackson previous to his return to private life. His friends superintended the work, and erected a mansion which they thought best suited to a retired President of the United States.

Within the building a large hall, frescoed with scenes from Telemachus, extends from the front to the rear door. Immediately opposite the parlor or reception-room is the chamber in which General Jackson breathed his last. Its appearance is but little changed, though it has been used for years by Colonel Andrew Jackson as a bedroom. The furniture is the same as when the General died. A massive, old-fashioned bedstead, bureau, wardrobe and washstand, with table, sofa and armchair, all of mahogany, comprise the furnishings. The large wood fireplace is unaltered. Two windows, facing the south on the front portico, give light and ventilation, and three doors give entrance, one of which leads to General Jackson's private library and office, where all books and papers were kept. The same portraits adorn the walls as in the General's day. One of his wife, Mrs. Rachel Jackson, hangs over the mantelpiece, opposite the bed. Beneath it is a small one of General Jackson himself.

Located some two hundred yards from the present building is the log-cabin house in which General Jackson once lived. Seen as it is now, there appears to be two small log cabins. When the General occupied it the smaller formed the second story of the larger. For those days it was quite pretentious and roomy. After the erection of the new dwelling the upper story was torn off, and the timbers used in the manufacture of a separate cabin.

In the gardens near the dwelling is the tomb, surrounded by foliage from weeping willows, magnolia and cedar-trees. It is circular in form, the dome supported by six columns, rising to a majestic height. Two steps lead from the ground to the floor, upon which are the tablets bearing the inscriptions of General Jackson and his wife. Upon the former is simply "General Andrew Jackson. Born March 15th, 1767; died June 8th, 1845." Upon the other is the name of his wife, dates of birth and death, and a long eulogy, extolling her many virtues. Around the tomb are the graves of members of the family who have died at the Hermitage—the grave of his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., that of Mrs. Marian Adams, sister of his adopted son's wife, and several others.

The material used in the construction of the mausoleum is the Tennessee granite, and, after the years that have passed over, it still shows no signs of decay.

One of the most cherished relics at the Hermitage, preserved with a sacred care, is the old carriage, made in 1833 out of timbers of the old ship *Constitution*, for the especial use of General Jackson. The material used in the finishing is of the handsomest brocade, with brocade velvet bordering. Time has changed the color, but it still shows for itself what it once was. Upon the panels is painted a ship in full sail.

The other carriage is one given by General Jackson to his adopted son's wife immediately after the marriage, and when she began her residence at the White House.

Another relic is the chair of General Washington, presented by him to General Jackson. It is cushioned with leather, which the relic-hunter has somewhat mutilated by snipping off pieces here and there. Along with the chair may be mentioned the magnificent sword presented by the City of Philadelphia to General Jackson. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, being ornamented from one end to the other of the scabbard with carved figures of men in battle, with cannon, guns, etc. On one side is a carved portrait of General Jackson and the words, "The Hero of New Orleans." The hilt is a horse's head inlaid with pearl.

Speaker Randall at Home.

MR. RANDALL'S habits and daily life are very simple. He is a great worker, and probably no man in either House of Congress works as many hours a day as he. He takes great care of himself, eats moderately and simply, uses no wines or liquors, retires early, sleeps long, and enjoys, as a consequence, perfect health. Mr. Randall goes little into society, and he entertains very little at home in consequence of his small house and limited means. He generally has two or three receptions during the winter, and to these he invites a certain number of Congressmen, diplomats and other officials for one night and a different set for the next, until the list is exhausted. Mrs. Randall has her reception days every week, and is assisted by her daughter Anna, a well-balanced, accomplished girl, who has become a great favorite in society. The Speaker is not what may be called a bookish man. He is a man of affairs rather than books. But no man in Congress keeps a closer

watch on its business. Mr. Randall masters every question that comes up, and when he became Chairman of the Appropriations Committee he surprised everybody with the business. He has few books in his house, but when a great question comes up he goes to the Congressional Library and has a great pile of books sent to his home, which he studies until he knows all about the subject. Every hour in the day is occupied, and his private correspondence is enormous. He writes most of his letters himself, and although he keeps a secretary, he is still the busiest man about the Capitol. The Speaker seems to prefer little rooms to work in. His workshop in his house is small and cramped, and in the Capitol he has the funniest little box down-stairs, which you could never find. When he is in this box nobody is supposed to know where he is. He goes there to work and he never leaves it two minutes before the hour for calling the House to order. Many, no doubt, suppose that the gilded, heavy, gaudy apartment called the "Speaker's Room," in the rear of the Speaker's lobby, is where he does his work. Nothing of the sort. The Speaker never goes into that room except by accident. It is his only in name, but the little room about the size of a squirrel's cage is his, sure enough, and in it he works like a squirrel—if a squirrel does work.

American Oysters Abroad.

NOT only is America supplying Europe with such sheer necessities of life as beef and mutton, bread and cheese, hams and pickled pork, but her inexhaustible wealth in natural products enables her to furnish the tables of British and continental gourmets with certain luxuries, the sources of which in the Old World have been somewhat recklessly dealt with of late. Among these are oysters, an ever-increasing scarcity of which has made itself apparent on the English and German coasts for some years past, as is too significantly conveyed to the oyster lover by the melancholy fact that the price of natives has vastly increased within the last quarter of a century. It is worthy of notice that the Schleswig proprietors of oyster-beds are laying down American oysters in immense numbers upon the coast of the Little Belt, from Gravenhoved to Holkehoved, as well as to the south of Faroe Island. A few days ago 1,250,000 small and 60,000 large oysters, fished in Newark, Chesapeake and Prince's Bays, were put down in the above-mentioned waters; and a company has been formed with the object of laying down from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 more of American oysters upon the Schleswig and Holstein shores. The oysters just transferred to their new domicile will be taken up again in the Autumn of 1881, by which time their condition will demonstrate whether or not they are likely to thrive and multiply in German waters.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated that Colonel Prjevalsky and his party are prisoners in the hands of the Chinese, who, it will be remembered, prevented him from proceeding to Lhasa.

The French Government has allotted M. Pasteur the sum of 50,000 francs for the purpose of enabling him to carry out his researches on the contagious diseases of animals.

The Chinese consider the use of cows' milk, as an article of human diet, unnatural and immoral. It does not appear that this opinion is based on the comparative indigestibility of the milk of ruminant animals.

The Death is Announced, at the age of fifty-seven years, of Dr. Karl Neumann, Professor of History and Geography in the University of Breslau; his name is well known to students of historical geography.

Wishing to devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits, Admiral Mouchez, Director of the Paris Observatory, has asked to be placed on the retirement list, a request which has been granted by the Ministry.

The Well-known Mathematician, Professor C. W. Borchardt, died at Rüdersdorf, near Berlin, on June 27th. He was formerly Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy, and of late years Professor in the University of Berlin. Since 1856 he was editor of the *Journal für Pure and Applied Mathematics*, the oldest of the existing mathematical periodicals.

Mr. J. W. Redhouse, in a communication to the Royal Society of Literature, combats the ordinary theory that the Aryan race of mankind originated in the Pamir highlands of Central Asia, spreading thence in a northerly direction into Europe, and southerly into India. He considers that the Polar regions, which at one time possessed a tropical temperature, were the original home of man.

The "Revue Internationale des Sciences Biologiques," gives an extensive memoir of Dr. Carl Hoberland, on "Infanticide among Ancient and Modern Nations." He traces the origin of this custom to the difficulty of subsistence, the sacrifice being in the outset urged by the male parent, and opposed or reluctantly submitted to by the mother. (We observe a parallel case among certain of the lower animals, where the young are often destroyed by the father, and are defended against him and concealed by the mother.)

Cultivation by Steam has been successfully accomplished in England with a steam digger, a recent invention, which, worked by a single cylinder engine of eight horse-power, under seventy pounds pressure of steam, digs at the rate of ten acres per day and takes three horses to plow an acre per day at the same depth. It is claimed, also, "that the diggers, in penetrating the ground, ease the weight of the engine to a considerable extent off the traveling wheels, and also by their back action drive the engine forward."

It appears from the first report of the Central Sanitary Bureau of Japan, just issued, that they have established a public laboratory for the analysis of chemicals and patent medicines. The proprietors of patent medicines are bound to present a sample, with the name and proportion of the ingredients, directions for its use, and explanations of its supposed efficacy. During the year there were no fewer than 11,904 applicants for license to prepare and sell 148,091 patent and secret medicines. Permission for the preparation and sale of 58,638 different kinds was granted, 8,592 were prohibited, 9,918 were ordered to be discontinued, and 70,934 remained still to be reported on. If similar regulations were put in force in this country, it is probable that the sale of several patent medicines would be put a stop to.

The Several Improvements in the National Library of Paris have resulted in a large increase of the number of readers. In 1869, when the new hall was opened, the number of readers was 24,000, who used 71,000 volumes exclusive of the library of reference. In 1879 the number of readers was 63,000, and of volumes used 230,000. It must be added that other libraries are open to the public in Paris and largely frequented, such as the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers for mechanical science and physics, the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle for natural history; the Mazarin St. Genevieve, for general purposes; the Sorbonne, Ecole de Droit, Ecole de Médecine, etc., for the general public, as well as for students. Readers are admitted to the National Library reading hall only by tickets; a special room has been opened to the public, and is also largely frequented. The present hall is only provisional, and a new one, on a larger scale, will be opened very shortly.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE King of Siam has lately assured Admiral Patterson, during a friendly call, that he still intended to visit this country.

F. CHARLES MOOR, rector of the Jesuit College at Innsbruck, died recently. With him ends the race of the Counts Moor immortalized by Schiller.

MR. WERR HAYES is to become a member of the law firm of Swayne & Swayne, in Toledo. These gentlemen are sons of Associate-Justice Swayne.

THE new Webster mansion at Marshfield, Mass., on the site of the old and historic Webster mansion which was burned, is now almost completed. It will cost about \$10,000.

It is freely reported in Mexico City that President Diaz has sent a passport to ex-President Lerdo, who is invited to take the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Relations.

MR. D. O. MILLS, it is rumored, has bought a handsome house in San Francisco as a wedding gift to his niece, Miss Easton, who is about to become Mrs. Frederick Crocker.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of Concord, N. H., who has outlived nearly all of his old anti-slavery associates, is now about seventy-one years of age, but does not appear to be over fifty.

SIR HENRY ALLSOPP'S employes have presented that great brewer with a splendid plate on his being created a baronet. Meanwhile Mr. Bass is only a squire; but Mr. Gladstone can set this right.

THE late M. Péreire, the financier, left a fortune amounting to \$10,400,000. Of this sum Madame Péreire inherits \$6,500,000—half of this absolutely and the other half for life; while each of the three children receives \$1,300,000.

THE family jewels of the Empress of Russia are left to the Royal family of Darmstadt; but her splendid collection of diamonds, which are of great value, have been divided between the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Czarevna and the Grand Duchess Vladimir.

THE Princess of Wales, when she takes her little daughters into society, has a quaint fashion of dressing them in toilets harmonizing with her own. For instance, at a garden-party the other day she wore a costume of light blue and celadon green, and the young princesses followed her about in gowns of the blue.

GENERAL BURNSIDE busies himself practically on his Rhode Island farm, and is growing sunburnt and hard-headed. The Boston Herald says that early in the morning he is to be seen in loose, easy dress and broad rustic hat, engaged in farm work and caring for the hundred and one details of agricultural life, and apparently enjoying the open air occupation to the fullest extent.

LONDON is wild over an American "professional beauty," Mrs. Cropper, who sells bouquets and things with immense success at royal fetes, bazars and fairs in company and in competition with Lady Waterford, Lady Hamilton, Lady Charles Beresford, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Sassoon, Lady Musgrave, Mrs. Langtry, Lady Londale, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Bective and all the stars of the firmament.

THE Judges of the Superior Court of New York have chosen John Sedgwick to be Chief-Justice. Chief-Justice Sedgwick was elected in 1872 on the Republican ticket, at the same time as his predecessor, Judge Curtis, and has consequently been eight years on the bench. He was formerly a partner of Francis N. Bangs, and for a long time was Assistant District Attorney. He is about fifty years of age.

It is no secret in Germany that the engagement of Prince William has caused a considerable difference of opinion between the Empress and her relatives. The Emperor has been most anxious to overcome his wife's objections, and has so far succeeded during his recent residence with her, that her Majesty has invited the *Rancie* and her sister to pay her a visit at Coblenz prior to her approaching removal to Baden.

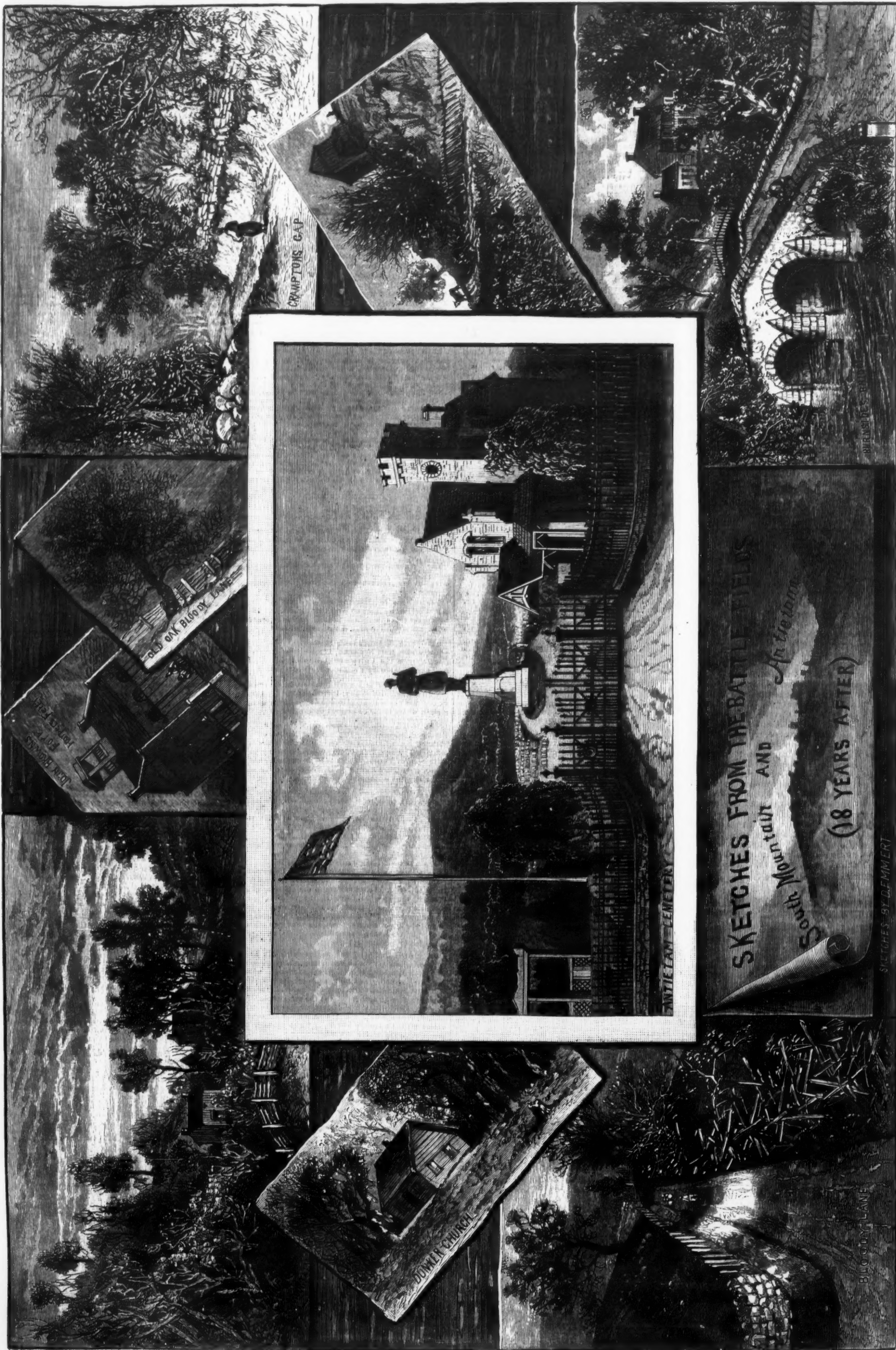
IN the House of Commons, on August the 2d, Marquis of Hartington, Secretary for India, announced the recall of Sir Bartle Frere from the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. Both the Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Kimberley, in making the announcement, concluded by saying that the Government took this step with regret, because, while Sir Bartle Frere's views differ from the views of the Ministers on important questions, they fully recognize his high personal qualities and distinguished services.

FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist, is suffering from dropsy and finds walking difficult. But notwithstanding these troubles, he is a delightful companion, and life is full of interest to him. At home he is surrounded by all his pets. He sits in John Hunter's chair, regardless of uncomfortable angles. They are convenient for the monkeys. They can sit aloft and pounce down on his proof-sheets at will. Mr. Jamrach, a retired organ monkey, is a great favorite, and shares with him the frugal meals to which physicians limit him, tasting everything in turn, even to the claret and water.

MR. GEO. W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia Ledger, is erecting a handsome residence at Bryn Mawr, a suburb of that city, where he has purchased a tract of fifty-seven acres, which is handsomely ornamented by landscape views of the most beautiful designs, by artists specially engaged for the purpose. The residence will have one hundred and ten feet frontage, with a depth of seventy-two feet; will be two stories high, with Swiss cottage roof; the foundation will be capped with blue stone, and the building will be of fine pressed brick laid in black mortar. There will be a number of short curves, sharp angles and pointed gables; handsome trimmings and beautifully carved ornaments, and novel designs of cornices and piazzas surrounding the structure.

THE Savage Club of London gave a breakfast on Friday, July 30th, to American actors. The affair attracted great attention. Over 100 persons sat down to the dinner, which lasted from 2:30 to 6:30. Harry Sullivan presided, having Mr. Lowell on his right and Mr. McCullough on his left. Raymond, Rankin, Florence and Sheildan sat at the same table, guests of the occasion. Others present included General J. R. Hawley, Charles Dickens, Clement Scott, Hutton, Toole, Charles Warner, Hollingshead, Joseph Knight, Bronson Howard and Julian Hawthorne. Many other actors, dramatists, critics, journalists and musicians were present. Every American actor was warmly greeted, and every allusion to America promptly and heartily applauded. President Hayes's health was drank with great enthusiasm. Edwin Booth was absent in Scotland.

JUDGE HENRY HILTON and Mrs. Stewart, in administering the estate of the late Alexander T. Stewart, have caused endowments to be made that will aggregate probably \$3,000,000, to be devoted to building, equipping and furnishing a collegiate building, where it is intended to educate both sexes for a charge less than \$100 per year. The cost for instruction and traveling expenses from New York or Brooklyn will not average that sum. One building for this purpose is now nearly completed, which is said to be the finest structure of the kind in America, and will accommodate 500 students. Two other buildings of equal dimensions will be erected beside it. Sixty acres of land have been set apart for the buildings and the grounds, walks, groves or parks that will surround them. A building for females, to accommodate 300, occupying twenty-five acres, with annexes and surrounding grounds, will also be completed very soon.



GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

SELDOM has a young King had so apparently difficult a task before him as young Prince William of Denmark when in 1863 he accepted the offer of the Crown of Greece. One foreign sovereign, Otto of Bavaria, had already been tried, and being found lamentably wanting, had been deposed by a revolution, of which the embers were still smoldering, when two European princes, Prince Alfred of England and the Duke of Schleswig Holstein, had successively declined the honor of succeeding him and undertaking the weighty task of restoring order to a kingdom disorganized by the misrule of courtiers and favorites, and by financial entanglement, an inevitable consequence of bad government. Moreover, from the earliest period of their history, the Greeks have never been an easy people to govern, and when outside influences, such as the continual bickerings and quarrels with the Turkish Government, were taken in consideration, the task was somewhat formidable for a lad of seventeen. This task has been well fulfilled, and we doubt whether any sovereign in Europe is more popular with his subjects than George, King of the Hellenes. The King is now thirty-four years of age, having been born on December 24th, 1845. He is the second son of the King and Queen of Denmark, but on his acceptance of the Crown of Greece, June 6th, 1863, he renounced any rights that he might have to the Danish throne in favor of his younger brother. On the 27th of the same month the Greek Assembly declared him to be of full age to reign, and on October 30th, 1863, King George arrived in Athens. From that day His Majesty has devoted himself heart and soul to the benefit of his adopted country.

In 1865 he gave up a third of his Civil List in order to relieve the Treasury, and next year Greece became involved in the Cretan insurrection, with which his subjects openly sympathized, affording material assistance to the insurgents, until in 1868 diplomatic relations were broken off with Turkey, only to be resumed through the intervention of the Paris Congress in the following year.

During the Russo-Turkish war, King George had no little trouble in keeping his subjects quiet, so anxious were they to join in the fray, pay off old scores, and regain a further portion of their former territory now under the dominion of the hated Mussulman. The war over, the negotiations with the Porte for the extension of the frontier caused intense popular excitement, which at one time could only be calmed by the King's personal intervention.

King George, in 1867, was married to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, the daughter of the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, and has five children. The oldest boy, heir to the throne, is entitled the Duke of Sparta.

In June last he visited England, and designed paying his respects to the Czar in St. Petersburg, but the condition of affairs at home produced by results of the late Berlin Conference necessitated the curtailment of his combined business and pleasure trip.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM EIGHTEEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

WE give on the opposite page a group of combination views representing scenes and memorial incidents of the battle-field of Antietam, as pictured eighteen years after the occurrence of the terrible combat. The central picture shows the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg, Md., in which lie buried 1,000 Federal soldiers. This cemetery is situated on one of the most commanding points embraced in the battlefield of Antietam. Within this inclosure once stood a rock from which it was said General Lee viewed the battle. The rock is unfortunately removed. The cemetery is neatly kept, much time and money being spent in beautifying the grounds and keeping them in order. The general appearance was recently much improved by the erection of a



GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

colossal statue of a soldier standing sentinel over the grave of his fallen comrades. The monument cost \$30,000. The figure is colossal in size, 22 feet high, surmounting a pedestal of about the same height. The whole is cut from gray granite. The pedestal bears the simple inscription:

"Not for themselves, but for their country.
September 17th, 1862."

The monument stands on an eminence in the centre of the cemetery, and can be seen from nearly every point of that hotly contested field.

It was to have been formally unveiled, May 26th, but by request of many, the ceremony has been deferred until September 17th, which will be the eighteenth anniversary of the battle.

Turner's Gap, through which passes the turnpike leading to Baltimore, was the most important point in the Battle of South Mountain. To secure it cost some of the most skillful maneuvering of the Federal forces. Prominently in the "gap" and on the pike stood, at that time, an old tavern which has since been converted into a summer residence.

Crampton's Gap, a point somewhat similar in

position and of scarcely less importance on that day, is situated further south on the same mountain. Through it passes the road leading from Burketsville to Brownsville. Not much remains to mark the bloody combat which took place there save fragments of the rude breastworks of stone which extend along the crest of the mountain.

At Antietam the points that are referred to with most interest are the Dunker Church, Bloody Lane and Burnside's Bridge. Other places have preserved their freshness to some extent, but the guide over this field, whether professional or private, marks these places with double emphasis. Less than two miles distant from Sharpsburg, on the Hagerstown pike, stands the little church which, to all who know anything of the field and the facts of the fight, is as familiar as the name Antietam. Under the destructive fire of that "bloodiest of bloody days," it was almost reduced to a heap of ruins. It has since been restored, but bears the scars of battle still.

Bloody Lane is appropriately so called from the fierce hand-to-hand fight which there ensued, in which the lane, simply a ditch from four to six feet in depth, and wide enough for a wagon road, was literally filled with dead, until the blood of friend and foe mingled and flowed in one common stream. Meeting the principal lane at right angles, is a shorter lane. Here stands the best way mark of the conflict—an "Old Oak Tree," bearing the scars of shot and shell on its rough, massive trunk, and in its shattered and broken limbs.

Burnside's Bridge is named from the general who, after several unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in effecting a passage and storming the heights commanding it. This bridge is the lower one of the three stone bridges spanning the Antietam within the limits of the battle, and in many ways was deemed the most essential crossing. Both parties were conscious of this fact, and this made the contest the more severe. The position held by the Confederates was strong and commanding. An old "quarry" immediately opposite the bridge, and high on the ridge, afforded them cover, from which they poured their fire with telling effect into the solid columns that advanced against them.

There is something impressive in the contemplation of places which, less than a score of years ago, were the scene of so much carnage and confusion. To the veterans who fought there, they have, of course, the greater interest. To many who survive the roll-call which has summoned their comrades to join the celestial ranks, there is still something sacred in the spot that has been consecrated by their own life-blood.

THE FAST OF FORTY DAYS.

AT noon on Saturday, August 7th, Dr. Tanner completed his feat of abstaining from food for a period of forty consecutive days. During the last week of his fast he took but little walking or carriage exercise, and experienced several severe attacks of sickness. Early on the thirty-eighth day he was taken violently ill, and declared that some unscrupulous person had tampered with his spring water. So strong was he in this belief that two of his watchers endeavored to prove his suspicious groundless by drinking of the water themselves. The result was that they, too, were taken similarly ill. One of them, Dr. Miller, gave it as his opinion that the water had been impregnated with tartar emetic. Besides exhibiting much irritability, Dr. Tanner at times acknowledged a feeling of extreme weakness, and yet at no time did he lose confidence in his ability to hold out to the last minute of the fortieth day. Music was his favorite diversion from the beginning of the fast. By it he seemed to become excited and animated. But on the thirty-ninth day he would allow no music, with one exception. Then the watchers began to realize how weak and worn the doctor was. Everything irritated him. If his attendants conversed in a whisper at the distance of the length of the gallery, he peevishly requested



NEW YORK CITY.—DR. TANNER'S FORTY DAYS' FAST—A SCENE IN THE HALL ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY.

them to stop. Any noise or movement jarred upon his overstrained nerves. Visitors were almost unbearable. Nothing went right. Suffering terribly himself, he communicated his feelings of discomfort to those around him. His face revealed his condition more plainly than ever. It was pale and haggard, and seemed with deep lines. His fits of sickness have told upon him severely.

Additional interest was created in his case on Friday morning when a letter from Dr. William H. Hammond was published. This eminent physician expressed his belief that the watching had been honestly done, that the faster had faithfully abstained from all food but water, and that he had succeeded far better than the writer had thought he would. He thought that Dr. Tanner had not succeeded in showing that his organism is differently constituted from any other, for he has suffered as others would have suffered under like deprivations; and that he had shown that these alleged instances of fasting a month or more without symptoms of inanition being produced are fraudulent or otherwise deceptive. He concluded with the belief that the investigations made of Dr. Tanner during his fast have been superficial and restricted. The amount and character of the exhalations from the skin and lungs ought especially to have been analyzed. The weighing seems to have been very imperfectly performed. That, therefore, the scientific results are not what they should have been, but that, nevertheless, enough had been shown to cause us to modify our views in regard to the effects of inanition on the human body.

The fast attracted much interest in Paris and London, and bulletins of the doctor's condition were posted daily. The *Saturday Review* treats Dr. Tanner with much severity. It condemns unsparingly an experiment conducted with circumstances of ridiculous vulgarity. It considers that Dr. Tanner is either practicing a coarse imposture in the midst of a crowd of silly busybodies, or he is being permitted to commit public suicide amidst the gabbles of competitive quacks. It apprehends that it may be found necessary to pass a law which will check the suicidal mania which first showed itself in long-distance walking races, and which has now assumed an even more repulsive aspect. To lynch a few irregular and eclectic physicians, it argues, would be illegal, but natural.

MADAME GERSTER.

MADAME ETELEA GERSTER, whom we shall have the pleasure of re-welcoming to this city in October, has been adding to her laurels. The London *Queen* of the 19th of July thus speaks of her impersonation of *Isolde*:

"We have little room to speak of other performances, but suffice must be admitted to the production of 'Isolde' on Tuesday last, when Mme. Etelka Gerster undertook the rôle of *Isolde*. In no opera is Mme. Gerster heard to greater advantage. She displays in this assumption not only perfection and brilliancy of vocalization, but a high dramatic power not often met with on the operatic stage. The transitions from reason to madness were portrayed on Tuesday with a subtlety of art betraying much careful thought, and the impression the Hungarian vocalist made on her audience was of the most favorable character. Mme. Gerster is a true artist, and as *Isolde* is unapproachable; we have no other singer, who, in this part, could hope to compete with her. The audience she evoked on Tuesday amounted to enthusiasm, and Mme. Gerster was called again and again before the curtain to receive the applause of her delighted hearers."

Chinese Court Procedure.

AT Shanghai, where certain European nations and the United States have establishments, native criminals are dealt with by what is called a "mixed court." It is so called, no doubt, because a European or American Consul or other resident sits with the Chinese judge; but in all other respects it has little pretension to its title, for its course of procedure and its punishments appear to be of Chinese barbarism, unmitigated by the faintest trace of European sense of humanity. Thus, a prisoner who refuses to divulge the names of his accomplices is ordered to receive fifty blows on the face; and if these, administered apparently on the spot, fail to overcome his contumacy, another fifty may be ordered. Beating the ankles with hammers, and kneeling on chains with the feet braced up, are other methods of persuasion which are employed by this mixed tribunal, graced as it is by the countenance and sanction of an officer of some great Christian power. According to a tabulated report prepared by Mr. F. Parry for the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, the punishments consist of terrible floggings, or else of the *conge*, or heavy table, in which the prisoner's neck is inclined, and which prevents him from lying down or from feeding himself. That such practices should go on from year's end to year's end with the placid acquiescence of influential European communities seems scarcely credible. It is to be hoped, at all events, that they will not long survive the publicity which Mr. Parry has given them. If the European Assessor is to sit on the judgment seat simply to give the countenance of civilization and Christianity to the stupid and horrible barbarities of the Chinese—to concur with a Mandarin in administering blows on the mouth or hammering the ankles of prisoners who refuse to confess or to "peach"—the sooner he is removed from so shameful a post the better for himself and the civilized power which he represents.

The Sultan of Turkey.

A CORRESPONDENT who has just returned from Turkey, and who had occasion to be brought in contact with the Sultan and many of his Ministers, states that the Commander of the Faithful is, without exception, the most utterly faithless scamp in his dominions. Whenever he appoints a Minister, he says to him: "You must find means to resist all demands for reform, and your tenure of office will depend upon the length of time that you can do this without compromising me. Eventually, the Ambassadors will complain of you, when I shall pretend to be most indignant at your not having carried out my policy, and shall sacrifice you for having deceived me." The Sultan is the son of an Armenian mother, and it is generally supposed that his real father was also an Armenian. He is neither a drunkard nor a voluptuary, and although by no means an able man, he has a considerable amount of low cunning. He is believed to be accumulating a considerable fund, for, although the finances of his country are in a desperate condition, taxes do come in, and yet neither the army nor the civil employes are paid. The sole hold of the Sultan over his subjects is that he is the head of their religion. The only man who can compete with him for this position is the Sherief of Mecca. The last Sherief was an ambitious man, and it is believed that he was assassinated in consequence of orders received from Constantinople. The present Sherief is a young man, and the assassination of his predecessor has aroused much feeling in his behalf. Throughout Arabia, and in Syria the Turks of Constantinople are detested, and it would be a sound policy to encourage the separation of Arabia and Syria from Turkey. Were these two countries independent of the Turks, the Eastern Question would be solved, the inhabitants of Asia Minor would join the Arab kingdom, which would become England's firmest ally, while in Europe the Empire of the Sultan would collapse.

FUN.

TANNER is a great deal faster man on water than Hanlan.

PRESIDENTIAL candidates have as many lives as a cat, or will have before all their biographers get through.

HE was from the mountain side, and was buying his first glass of soda. "I wish you'd skim off that scum, boss; I ain't payin' for no froth, you bet."

WHITE neckties are so cheap this season that many a sad-faced man has secured a railroad ticket at half price on the strength of his throat g'ar.

"DOES the cistern ever give out?" asked the gentleman who wanted to rent the house. "Never but once, and that was before they kept beer for sale in the corner grocery."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—(Scene—French Restaurant.—Customer: "I see by the rules of the restaurant you are not permitted to take anything." Waiter: "Take. Oh, no, m's'r. It is, *seulement*, what you shall please to give me."

A DROLL fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a mill-pond, and refused the offer of 25 cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he, "ain't worth it!" and he handed back 21 cents, saying calmly, as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal, and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Galveston parent to his eldest son, springing at the same time swinging a good-sized sapling. "I'll teach you, you young scamp." "Never mind, father, I know all them branches already."

SIMPLE FAITH.—Exceedingly evangelical young lady: "Poor old Jones seems to suffer very much from rheumatism. Though rather late, I think if he were confirmed it might do him good; don't you, Mr. Trotter?" (But even the worthy little curate couldn't subscribe to this.)

THE LATEST GUSH.—(Conversation on piazza, West End Hotel, Long Branch.—Fashionable Young Man to Another Young Man not Fashionable: Is this chair taken?" Ordinary Young Man: "No, you can have it." F. Y. M.: "Thank you, awfully." O. Y. M.: "You're dreadfully welcome."

A SHEFFIELD manufacturer is reported to have told his workmen to vote just as they pleased—"In fact, I shan't tell you how I am going to vote," he said. "After it is over I shall have a barrel of beer brought in the yard." ("Hear, hear," shouted the men.) "But I shan't tap it unless Mr. Wortley, the Tory candidate, gets in."

SAID Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence. "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was such a strange one that Theodore's surprise caused him to look right at Angelina for the first time in his life. Why did she ask that, he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan; "only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

WHILE Bishop Ames was presiding over a conference in the West a member began a tirade against universities, education, etc., thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes the bishop interrupted him with the question: "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "You can put it in that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweet, musical tones, "is, that the brother has a great deal to thank God for."

THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD.

WITHOUT a question Buffalo, N. Y., can boast of the largest and most complete private Sanitarium in the world. The invalid Hotel was founded by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has represented his district as a State Senator and in Congress, and is known throughout the United States as the originator of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and who has also become widely celebrated in the treatment of chronic diseases. The erection of this mammoth home for invalids was made necessary by the large number of afflicted who flock to Buffalo from all parts of the United States to consult Dr. Pierce and the eminent medical gentlemen associated with him as the faculty of this celebrated institution. The establishment is said to have cost nearly a half million of dollars, and is furnished with every appliance and facility for the care of chronic ailments. A correspondingly large branch institution is located in London, England. The whole concern is owned and operated by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which the original Dr. Pierce is President—his brother and uncle, and other eminent medical gentlemen, taking part in the treatment of cases. In treating cases they are not at all confined to the narrow limits of prescribing the justly celebrated remedies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or any other set remedies, however good, but have resort to the whole range of the *Materia Medica*, as well as to Turkish and other baths, Swedish movements and other approved remedies and methods of cure.

ONE of the greatest charms of DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERNATIVE is the small size of the dose. The various delicate combinations of drugs are concentrated in the most careful manner, and finally brought together by a series of original processes; consequently the dose is only one teaspoonful for an adult and smaller in proportion for children. It is taken once before each meal. Last but not least, a 50 cent bottle lasts ten days, while a \$1 bottle lasts twenty-four days. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Chamberlain, 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

BURNETT'S COLOGNE is of the best quality, and is filled in elegant bottles of superior finish and beauty. It is offered in POPULAR sizes and at POPULAR prices. This refreshing perfume is thus brought within the reach of every one. It is prepared from the purest and best materials, and with the utmost care.

In Quarter and Half Pints, Pints, and Quarts. In Basket style, cork and glass stoppers.

In vacation look out for all sorts of accidents to keep up your policy in THE TRAVELLERS.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE used habitually renders the system less liable to the attacks of sunstroke.

THE palm of superiority is awarded to Mrs. S. A. Allen for her WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, and a grateful public appreciates. Every Druggist sells it.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.—To many people who are not enforced residents of this city for the greater part of the year, New York offers many attractions as a summer resort. Not to speak of the cool sea breeze which it enjoys almost every summer afternoon, not to speak of its parks, etc., it may be chosen as a central point from which to make many delightful excursions. And in New York no more central house may be selected than the well-known ST. NICHOLAS, in Broadway. It is not so many years ago that the ST. NICHOLAS was visited by all strangers as illustrating the highest level of hotel luxury. It still holds its own in comparison with its later rivals. The rooms, single and en suite, are comfortable and elegant. The house is famous, too, for its excellent cookery.

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Stuttering cured by BATES'S APPLIANCE. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2236, New York.

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ARRIVE AT NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 9.30, 11.50 A.M.; 1.25, 4.25, 6.10, 6.17, 8.20, 10.20 P.M., and 4.50 A.M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 6.45, 7.45, 9.15, 11.15 A.M.; 1.30, 4.30, 4.45, 6.30, 7.15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE AT PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.25, 10.10, 11.30 A.M.; 1.40, 4.40, 6.50, 7.20, 8.10, 10.05 P.M.; and 4.50 A.M.

To Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9.30, 10.15 A.M.; 2.30 and 3.45 P.M.

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[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.]

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EXCURSION TICKETS (round trip), 40 cents; single, 25 cents. Clam-bake 75 cents.

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VIA GREENPOINT.

Steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of Twenty-third Street, E. R., at 8.45, 9.45, 10.45, and half-hourly to 8.45 P. M. Returning, leave Manhattan Beach at 7.35, 10.11, 11.05 A. M.; 12.05, 12.30, and every half-hour to 10.35 P. M.

VIA BAY RIDGE.

Steamers THOS. COLLYER and MATTEAWAN from 22d St., N. R., at 9.10, 10.25 A. M., and hourly to 8.25 P. M. Leaving LEROY STREET ten minutes after and PIER No. 6 thirty minutes after leaving 22d St. The boats leaving 22d St. at 7.25 and 8.25 P. M. do not stop at Leroy and Pier 6.

The steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall Street at 9.25 A. M. hourly to 8.25 P. M. Trains from Manhattan Beach connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall Street, leave hourly from 8.20 A. M. to 12.20 P. M., 1.25 to 6.25 P. M., 7.20 to 9.20 P. M. Trains connecting with steamer for Pier 6, Leroy St. and 22d St. leave every hour from 11 A. M. to 9.55 and 10.40 P. M.

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Acknowledged Fashion Periodical of the Country.

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ESPECIAL NOTICE.

Judge Brown, of the United States Circuit Court, on March 31st, made the following decisions:
 1. That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.
 2. That its drawings are fair.
 The Postmaster-General has, therefore, rescinded his order against the delivery of mails to this company.
 Registered letters will be delivered and postal-orders paid as formerly.

23d

Popular Drawing COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY has always drawn in public at Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on a Saturday.

AUGUST 31.

Authorized by the Legislature and sustained by the courts of Kentucky.
 1,900 prizes, \$112,400; Capitals, \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000; 10 of \$1,000, 1,947 others, from \$500 down.
 Tickets always sold at \$2; halves, \$1.
 Address R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.; or same at 309 Broadway, New York, or W. PORTER, 1,227 Broadway, New York, or T. J. COMMERFORD, 212 Broadway, New York.

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 Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

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 Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a Prize, as there are no blanks.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO
 200,000 FLORINS,
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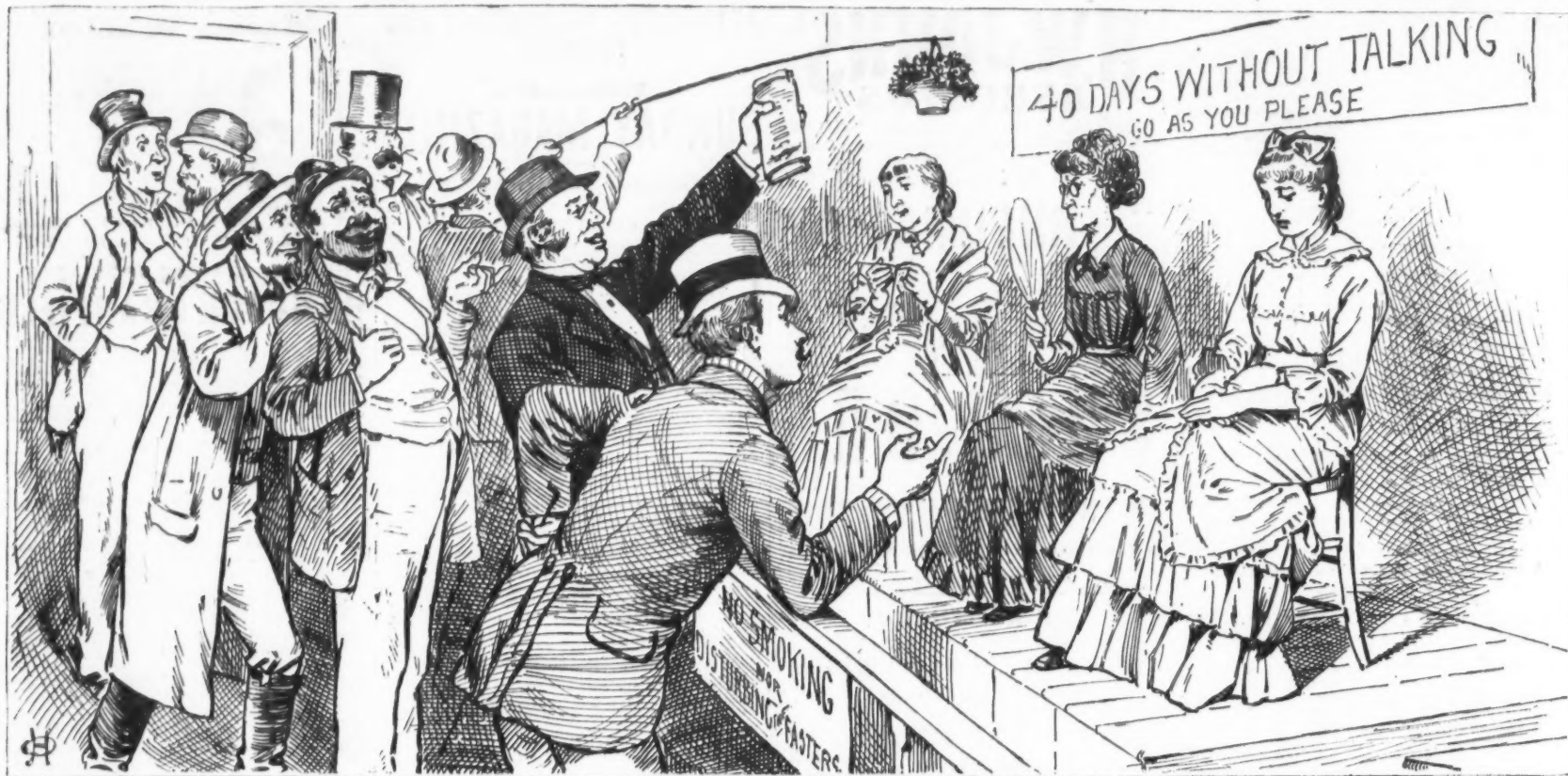
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